The New York Times Review of Books

Section 8

LITERARY SECTION OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1919 SIXTEEN PAGES

FRENCH AND AMERICAN TALES OF THE WAR

Mr. Kauffman's Account of the Unnecessary Sufferings of Our Men Over There—Sketches of the French Poilu by Jean des Vignes Rouges—Latest Fiction

VICTORIOUS. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.75 net.

MR. KAUFFMAN'S new novel is a book which it is quite impossible to pass over lightly. Not because it is a great work of fiction; as a novel, it ranks rather with the average, no higher, but certainly no lower. Its claim to unusual attention rests upon the fact that it is an indictment of many things connected with the part played by the United States in the conduct of the war. If Mr. Kauffman's charges represent the truth, and if he can sustain them, then flaying alive is none too severe treatment to be meted out to those responsible; if the charges cannot be fully substantiated, then Mr. Kauffman himself should be—well, rendered excessively uncomfortable. One cannot help wishing, indeed, that he had formulated them in some other way than through the medium of a novel.

The book opens in Americus, a small town in Pennsylvania. Andrew—usually called Andy—Brown is a reporter on the local paper, and lives with his widowed mother. When the United States goes into the war, after a long course of note writing Andy tries to enlist, and is rejected because of a heart murmur. By a somewhat clumsy and none too credible device the author contrives to get him to France as a war correspondent. After a time, forced by a "frame-up" to surrender his credentials as correspondent, he enlists and goes over the top with the doughboys. Of course, there is a love story, with a charming young actress, one of the overseas troupe who did so much good work entertaining the soldiers, for its heroine, besides a secondary romance, in which Chrissy Shuman, an "am ishman"—one of the varieties of the Pennsylvania Germans—woos and wins a splendid young girl, a French peasant. A big contractor, B. Frank McGregor, over in France "to keep things quiet about the planes," plays an important part in the story, and is perhaps its best-drawn character.

According to the publishers' announcement, Mr. Kauffman was himself in France as a syndicate correspondent for nearly a year and a half. His hero also is a syndicate correspondent, and as such has some lively tussels with the censors. He finds the men at Tours and at Issoudun during the Winter of 1917-18 without good shoes or Winter clothes, but shivering in thin cottons, and with their frost-bitten toes sticking out of their broken shoes; unprotected by airplanes—a lack which caused most of the casualties; unpaid, their presents from home stolen from them in the army mails. "Housing and clothing conditions were such that only the excellence of the medical service had prevented an alarming death rate." And this medical service was getting "mighty little help from the War Department," and found itself obliged to depend almost exclusively on the Red Cross for supplies. "There isn't a splint or a bandage in any one of those hospitals that came through the War Department," all and every one of them having been supplied by the Red Cross. Later Andy goes to Brest and there finds that because of the army staff's failure to consult with the navy men, and insistence on choosing Bordeaux, "up a river that anybody can mine, across a sandbar that nobody can dredge," and their later railway failure at Brest, there were "almost uninterrupted ramparts, fifteen and twenty feet high, piled with material that the navy had delivered but that the army's transportation chiefs could not remove." He saw that "mail bags, motor cars and wagon parts lay there, and had lain there for months. Food rotted before one's eyes." All sorts of things, valuable and valueless, were heaped together, "a half cargo of clothespins, • • • a group of expensive tractors pronounced impractical in France." Waste, waste everywhere; waste of money and of lives, and an organized effort to hide incompetence.

Andy finds the censorship being used as a means of deceiving the American people, especially regarding the lack of artillery, and of the airplanes for which the sum of $640,000,000 had been appropriated. He also learns, as a significant sign, that the French newspapers have been told "in a very high American quarter" not to use the word "Teddy" as a nickname for the American soldiers. These are but a few among the many things that Andy discovers, but through and above all the failures and deceptions shines high and steadfast the spirit of the American troops and of their line officers. Mr. Kauffman is enthusiastic in his praise of the American troops, men "fine and brave and generous," with a high courage no hardship can daunt. "The Cause is bigger than its mistakes," declares Andy at the last, after that attack when the artillery was in its right place, but didn't "have the shells." And the people at home were worthy of their men overseas, the people of "Americus" to whom came those confused records which "pronounced the unhurt killed, the slightly wounded seriously, and all the lists were from five to seven weeks delayed." Much of it is summed up in McGregor's confession:

> But where one would die, a hundred are dying because we haven't any tanks to go ahead of them—anywhere along our front—except a few the French lent us—no artillery to support them—the men—and no airplanes to reconnoitre with—not an American-made plane. • • • The men up top wanted the power, and wouldn't admit they could make a mistake. • • • So we promised and muddled together and suppressed the truth.

It is indeed a serious indictment Mr. Kauffman brings; scarcely less serious is the charge he puts into the mouth of one of his characters:

> The folks back home would be hot about this for a week, then the baseball season'd open • • • and nobody'd remember to ask what had been done about airplanes.

BOURRU

BOURRU, SOLDIER OF FRANCE. By Jean Des Vignes Rouges. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.90 net.

IN this series of sketches M. Jean des Vignes Rouges gives us an exceptionally interesting picture of a typical French poilu. His hero has been a French peasant farmer before the war; he becomes one of the men who stormed and finally captured Vauquois; and after capturing it—held it. What that holding meant has nowhere been better depicted than in these pages. That tragic, sacred hill, not very far from Verdun, was held under an almost continuous rain of shells and gas; and the courage which kept it French was the courage of the soldier who goes back to his peephole, the little

(Continued on Following Page)

MAX BEERBOHM AND OTHERS IN THE PLEASANT ART OF PARODY

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND, Woven by Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1918. $2.

MAX BEERBOHM is one of the most accomplished practitioners of the pleasant art of parody; and this reissue of his "Christmas Garland" is welcome. It contains nearly a score of exposures of the manner and the method of contemporary British writers—if it is proper to consider George Meredith and Henry James as contemporary and the latter as a Briton. As these writers are contemporary, they are not all of them important; indeed, half a dozen, at least, are certain to seem hopelessly unimportant in a few years. As they are British, more than one of them will be familiar only to those colonial-minded Americans who like to keep themselves informed about latest developments of London journalism.

With characteristic ingenuity, Mr. Beerbohm has given to this book a unity lacking in almost every other collection of parodies since "Rejected Addresses." For the most part the parodists have been content to find an appropriate theme for every one of their successive travesties; but Mr. Beerbohm has made all his victims deal, each in his own fashion, with the same theme—Christmas. And this reveals itself as a happy thought, because the unity of topic helps to bring out more sharply the individuality and the idiosyncrasy of the dissimilar contributors to his Christmas feast. In the Henry James sketch we find a little boy and a little girl waking up on Christmas morning and analyzing their emotions before examining the contents of the stuffed stockings pendent at the foot of their little beds; we see Rudyard Kipling walking down a London street on Christmas night with a policeman; and we are allowed to read the preface Bernard Shaw prefixed to a Christmas play, stolen from the mediaeval mummery of "Saint George."

Mr. Beerbohm is one of the best of modern parodists; but he is not always at his best; and he is sometimes almost unsatisfactory. The skit on Kipling, for example, falls short because it is not so much a parody of Kipling's characteristic achievements as it is a humorous imitation of one of Kipling's least important stories, "Bruggiesmith," a story written at a single sitting on the night after Oliver Herford had told him the anecdote on which it is founded. "P. C., X., 36" is not a bad parody of "Bruggiesmith," but it is too special, too limited, to be representative of the multifarious author of the "Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," of the "Brushwood Boy," of "They," and of "An Habitation Enforced"—all of them more characteristic of Kipling's genius than "Bruggiesmith."

On the other hand, the parody of Henry James is triumphantly successful. It reproduces not the manner only, but the spirit—a far more difficult and more dangerous undertaking. If Henry James had chosen to dissect the emotions and the thoughts of an impossibly precocious boy awakening to vague surmise as to what his sister in the adjoining bed will do and say and think when she also wakes—if he had undertaken this task, he would have approached it very much as Mr. Beerbohm has made him undertake it. So much for the evocation of the spirit; and the resuscitation of the style is equally felicitous and pungent. Here are the circuitous and labyrinthine sentences with which this inspired imitation begins:

> It was with the sense of a, for him, very memorable something that he poured now into the immediate future, and tried, not without compunction, to take that period up where he had prospectively left it. But just where the deuce had he left it? The consciousness of dubiety was, for our friend, not this morning quite yet clean-cut enough to outline the figures on what she had called his "horizon," between which and himself the twilight was indeed of a quality somewhat intimidating. He had run up, in the course of time, against a good number of "teasers," and the function of teasing them back—of, as it were, giving them, every now and then, "what for"—was in him so much of a habit that he would have been at a loss had there been, on the face of it, nothing to lobs.

Could the cryptic hesitancies of Henry James's habitual writing in the final years of his life be better rendered than in these sentences? As we read them we feel that if the British-American author had wanted to do this very thing this is the very way in which he would have done it. To call the as yet unnamed hero "our friend" is a little miracle of parody; and almost equally miraculous is the insertion of "for him" in the first line, immediately after the indefinite article.

In her excellent introduction to her

(Continued on Page 263)

THE SATURDAY CLUB

Miss Lowell Replies to Mrs. Florence Howe Hall

The New York Times Review of Books:

IN the copy of your paper for April 13 Mrs. Florence Howe Hall very courteously pointed out what she considered a misstatement in my review of Dr. Emerson's volume, "The Saturday Club." She took issue with my remark that the Boston Brahmins were a self-centred group of men, and that they "were deaf to Walt Whitman and Poe." She also found my question as to why their English mail-bags contained no volume of Browning beside the mark, as Browning's works were published in this country. The facts given by Mrs. Hall are absolutely correct, but there are additional and qualifying facts which seem to have escaped her notice. The truth is that she is right, and I am right also, a conclusion which should be satisfactory to both of us.

By using the term "were deaf," I had no intention of implying that the Boston authors were unaware of the existence of Whitman or Poe, but merely that they underrated their importance.

When Whitman printed the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," he was so ill-advised as to send copies to various celebrities; the volume which Mrs. Hall remembers her mother to have had may very well have been one of these. The fate of such copies was various—Whittier is said to have thrown his into the fire, and Professor Bliss Perry, in his life of Whitman, tells us that "other men of letters angrily returned their copies to the donor." Emerson was the only recipient of the book who wrote a letter in acknowledgment of the gift, and he probably deeply regretted having done so, since the sentence from it which Mrs. Hall quotes was used on the cover of the second edition quite without permission, and certainly caused him much annoyance.

Already, so early as May, 1856, ("Leaves of Grass" was published in 1855,) Emerson's first enthusiasm had begun to die down. In a letter to Carlyle he writes:

> One book, last Summer, came out in New York, a nondescript monster which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American, which I thought to send you; but the book throve so badly with the few to whom I showed it, and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. • • • Yet I believe now again, I shall. It is called "Leaves of Grass," • • • and after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory of a warehouse, you can light your pipe with it.

That this quasi-doubt of his first judgment persisted and finally became a certainty there is ample evidence. In Dr. Emerson's "Emerson in Concord," the gradual change in his father's attitude toward Whitman is recorded:

> When "Leaves of Grass" appeared • • • the healthy vigor and freedom of this book of a young mechanic seemed

(Continued on Page 261)

LATEST WORKS OF FICTION

(Continued from Preceding Page)

sit between two sandbags, even though a bullet has come through it but an instant before, and he knows well enough that the next may arrive at the very moment he peeps through. It would be so easy not to look, so easy to sit down quietly in the bottom of the trench and be comparatively safe! Bourru knows all this well enough; but when the Lieutenant unexpectedly appears, he is watching there at his peephole, and he speaks just as phlegmatically as though he did not know how many of his comrades had died as they stood looking through similar slits in the sandbag wall.

The author speaks vigorously of those who chatter idly about "the boredom of the trenches," without ever realizing how very different that boredom is from any other kind, or understanding the part played in it by the ever present menace of swift and horrible death. His style is always vivid, and occasionally rises to a simple, beautiful dignity, as when he talks to us of "The Graves of September, 1914." He tells of raids and of bombardments, of "Waiting for a Mine to Explode"—perhaps directly underfoot—and of "The Days of Tunnels," when the men who held Vauquois lived underground. But interestingly and vividly as he writes of all these things and of many others, it is as a composite portrait of the heroic private soldiers of France, the men whom it is impossible to overhonor and difficult to honor enough, that the book claims a unique place. Here we read, not only of what these men went through, but of how they went through it; their mental attitude is portrayed here, as well as their physical one—those soldiers to whom the civilized world owes so great a debt.

The book is divided into two parts, and the second, which is called "The War Underground," gives in five sketches, that are really short stories, an enthralling account of the work of the engineers, the "sappers," ending with a description of the great explosion of March 23, 1916, when "French will power and French science" triumphed over the much-vaunted scientific achievements of the boche. Admirably written, with charm, tenderness, and humor, as well as with strength and vigor, this volume depicting "Bourru, Soldier of France," is one among the really worth-while war books. Certainly it deserved the prize it was awarded by the French Academy.

THE BOUNDER

THE BOUNDER. By Arthur Hodges. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.60 net.

MR. HODGES'S new novel is one of many virtues, also of many faults. It gives an entertaining and well-done picture of certain phases of New York life—the life of that Bohemia whose centre is Broadway, the life of cabaret and theatre and table d'hote—and many of its characters are cleverly drawn. Fred Filbert himself, "The Bounder" of the title, is well characterized. The son of a small country lawyer, he had been "educated" at a co-educational college in the Middle West, where he "passed four years cramming a variety of undigested facts which were promptly forgotten, playing on the college baseball team, getting drunk at times, and pursuing those students of the other sex * * * who were reputed to be of easy virtue." He came out of this institution quite blissfully ignorant of art, literature, science, history, languages, and all such unimportant matters, but with a complete knowledge of the record of "every professional baseball player in the United States." So equipped, he went into journalism, contrived by methods which savored somewhat of blackmail to get a job on a New York paper, and when we first meet him is the author of two highly successful and entirely mediocre novels. In his ignorance, his total inability to learn anything not absolutely pounded into him, the quite extraordinary thickness of his skin, and his profound and simple selfishness, he is a distinctly real, as well as a distinctly objectionable, person. For some three years he lived in the shabby old-fashioned apartment house near Broadway which its inhabitants called the "Kilkenny," and there he met nearly all the other characters of the story.

For the Kilkenny is the geographical centre of the book. There lived the beautiful and mysterious Dora St. David; there, too, lived the Bloomfield sisters, Muriel and Millicent, acrobatic dancers who were "the very advance guard of up-to-dateness." Vera Wildwood, "the beautiful typist" employed by the publishing firm of Richmond Sons & Richmond, lived with her father on the top floor of the Kilkenny. Peter Watergate, an ambitious young novelist of a type very different from Fred Filbert, his friend Ted Blakie, and Max Dubel, "a music-mad Swiss-Alsatian," were among some of the other inhabitants of the Kilkenny. They all knew each other, of course various romances developed, and Sid Smallshaw, the negro janitor who was the "smiling repository of the opinions of all the tenants of the Kilkenny of all the others," played an important part in many of them.

As he has less than three of the characters in the book are novelists, the publishing house of Richmond Sons & Richmond, and the various members thereof and their relations, also appear prominently in the story. The account of the method—or lack of method—employed by this particular firm when deciding whether to accept or reject a manuscript is amusing, and indeed many of the comments and interludes with which the book abounds are entertaining. But it is very much too long and too repetitious; there are so many characters that the reader finds it difficult to remember them all, and is somewhat irritated by being, just as he is getting interested in some individual or group, switched suddenly off to another. The plot, moreover, is so very far-fetched as to be almost if not quite absurd, while the construction leaves a great deal to be desired. Much of the story is deftly written, particularly those parts of it which tell of life at the Kilkenny and of Fred Filbert's initiation into this especial Bohemia.

DWELLERS IN ARCADY

DWELLERS IN ARCADY. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. $1.50 net.

MR. PAINE in this new book writes very agreeably of a young couple who bought an abandoned farm and lived on it for some dozen years. The farm was at a place called Brook Ridge, somewhere in Connecticut, and the young couple evidently managed to arrive there before the collectors of antiques had ever heard of the place. They were able to purchase for a very modest sum indeed not only the attractive old house and thirty-one acres of land "more or less," with a brook running through them, but also an attic full of treasures. There were spinning wheels and fine old chairs, and an ancient cradle and a hand-mill and any number of other quaint and interesting things, besides an old horse-hair trunk full of queer old-fashioned dolls' clothes joyously welcomed by the two elder of the three children whom their parents called respectively the Pride, the Hope, and the Joy.

There is no plot to the book, which is simply a quiet chronicle of some of the family's experiences during the years they lived in the old house at Brook Ridge. They had wonderful neighbors who were as kind as kind could be; they had the good fortune to come across workmen possessed of exactly the sort of skill required to repair and to do over the old house, and their ventures in agriculture were nearly all successful. Their endeavors to keep chickens, on the other hand, were a distinct failure, and they did no better with pigs than with chickens—though this was not really their fault nor that of the pigs, but due entirely to the laziness of Lazarus, a small colored assistant not remarkable either for energy or for fidelity. But then in this world one cannot look for perfection, and the young people of whom Mr. Paine writes, his "Dwellers in Arcady," seem to have come a good deal nearer to finding it than they had any right or reason to expect when they resolved to settle at Brook Ridge. The book contains a number of really charming illustrations by Thomas Fogarty.

RED OF SURLETY

RED OF SURLETY. By Ted Robbins. Harper & Bros. $1.90 net.

MR. ROBBINS'S new novel is one of those books which have so many good qualities that one cannot but regret the deficiencies which prevent them from attaining the level of excellence which ought, one feels, to have been theirs. Revised, and freely blue-pencilled, the material and characters in this story might have rendered it a notable one. As it stands, both plot and characters suffer from a lack of proper and sufficient development; the outlines of the theme are left weak and blurred, and the book never really gets anywhere.

The theme is apparently intended to be that of a struggle between a boy's ambitions and possibilities and his environment. It is environment that wins. The leading character is Charley Hurley, usually called "Red," on account of his hair, the only son of a Long Island fisherman. He wants to be a poet, and as the author clearly intimates, might have succeeded had he ever received any encouragement. But the magazines all rejected his verses, and after a time he lost the one friend who had helped and stimulated him. This one friend was a crippled boy, Jerry Ralston, about his own age, the son of a rich

(Continued on Following Page)

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LATEST WORKS OF FICTION

(Continued from Preceding Page)

man who had bought a place at Surlety for the sake of the fishing and shooting. The book begins on the night when Red was born, and carries him through to manhood, and a final resignation of all his ambitions, when he settles down with a good but entirely unimaginative girl for a wife, to live himself the same sort of existence that had been his father's. During his boyhood Jerry had lent him books, read with him, and believed in his abilities. Jerry's influence was entirely good; not so that of August Muller, the German dentist, a sombre figure and the most interesting one in the book. Muller loved to inflict pain; still better did he like to manipulate human souls, whittling and, if possible, perverting them. His power over Red's father is a good example of his methods, and the scenes between the two are well handled, but the book as a whole does not carry conviction. Too many worth-while writers have received their principal education in libraries, and lived in small, out-of-the-way places, for one to feel that it was Red's environment which was the cause of his defeat.

ROSY

ROSY. By Louis Dodge. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60 net.

ROSY WOODRIDGE, so Mr. Dodge informs us, was "glorious in mind and body," one of the beautiful and wonderful creatures who abound in isolated and mountainous districts—at least, according to novelists of a certain kind. Rosy's parents had both died in a most tragical way, and she lived alone in her little cabin on the side of Moab, one of the Ozark Mountains, not far from a place called Pisgah. On the top of the mountain there was a luxurious Summer hotel, named the Summit Hotel, to which there came a number of rich city people, among others Judge and Mrs. Powell from Little Rock. Judge Powell had been a great friend of Rosy's father, and he and his wife, having no children of their own, wished to take the girl to live with them, and to adopt her.

But this was not quite so simple and easy as it might seem. For the Powells did not arrive at the Summit Hotel until August, and during the Spring several important things had happened to Rosy. It was the Spring of 1917, and the call for registrants for the draft had just gone out. Among the persons living on Moab were some well-to-do people, the Minturns. Their son Nat, being a coward and a weakling, was frightened almost out of his wits by the draft, and in order to escape from registering ran away and hid in Rosy's cabin. While he was there another young man, Zeb Nanny, a mountaineer condemned to the penitentiary by a verdict which Judge Powell later denounced as "folly," released on parole in order that he might visit his dying mother, also took refuge in Rosy's extremely hospitable cabin, one dark and stormy night. He was as anxious to get into the war as Nat Minturn was to keep out of it, and the upshot of it all was that Zeb Nanny presently enlisted under the name of Nat Minturn. He was sent to France, and distinguished himself, as was to be expected. Meanwhile the real Nat Minturn stayed peacefully on at Rosy's cabin, Rosy, of course, being so perfectly innocent—or ignorant—that she saw no reason why he should not remain there, though she did find concealing a fugitive from justice a good deal of a nuisance. Most of the very long book is taken up by a recital of the small and uninteresting events which occurred while he was hidden there. An angelic German named Jacob Feld appears on the scene with considerable frequency. The story crawls along at a pace compared with which that of the proverbial snail would seem lightning-swift, and of course it all comes out right in the end, with every stain "forever wiped away" from Zeb Nanny's name, and virtue receiving all its due and proper rewards.

NIXOLA

NIXOLA OF WALL STREET. By Felix Grendon. Frontispiece. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

WALL STREET, Greenwich Village, efficiency, radical instructors in social science, free versifiers—a jumble of modernity is "Nixola of Wall Street."

Nixola, very beautiful and very capable and very irresistible, charms her employer in spite of his secretary complex. Carleton Boyd, descendant of Knickerbockers and F. F. V.'s, invents a make-believe wife to save him from secretaries, but Nixola breaks the spell. In the meantime she has various adventures with the gloomy social scientist, Donald, and a volatile Frenchman, finally and rather casually deciding

(Continued on Page 259)

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CONTENTS.

	Page
French and American Tales of the War—Latest Fiction	253
Max Beerbohm and Others in the Pleasant Art of Parody. By Brander Matthews.	253
The Saturday Club. By Amy Lowell.	253
"Maud" and Tears.	256
Latest Books	256
Pio Baroja and the Contemporary Spanish Novel. By Federico de Onis.	257
Yesterday and Today in America's Chronology	260
Books in Brief Review	265
With Authors and Publishers	266
Queries and Answers	267

"MAUD" AND TEARS

LITERARY controversies are seldom productive of positive, lasting results; the noise and excitement of battle are apt to confuse or hide whatever fact or truth there may be at the bottom of the well of debate. But in Miss AMY LOWELL'S letter, replying to Mrs. FLORENCE HOWE HALL'S criticism of her recent review of Dr. EMERSON'S volume, "The Saturday Club," published in this number of THE BOOK REVIEW, there are certain revealing matters regarding WHITMAN and POE that students of those poets will be very glad to have. Based on one isolated passage in a letter written by him to WHITMAN the tradition that EMERSON was an admirer of the "Good Grey Poet," has always seemed to be authentic. Whatever abuse and condemnation were directed against "Leaves of Grass" from other sources, the sage of Concord, at least, was sufficiently catholic in taste and sympathy to recognize the originality and beauty of that remarkable poem. But in this belief, it appears, the world has been decidedly mistaken. EMERSON did, for one brief moment, find some promise of better things to come in WHITMAN'S first book of verse. But he soon tired of whatever feeling of enthusiasm he may have had on the subject, and eventually washed his hands of him altogether. It is amusing to read of his rapidly changed attitude, and to detect the growing aversion to the "barbaric yawps" that were, of course, so essentially foreign to EMERSON'S scholarly tastes. Writing to CARLYLE, he refers to WHITMAN as a "nondescript monster," and calls him, in a talk with EDWARD CARPENTER, "a wayward, fanciful man." What follows, in the Carpenter interview, leaves us wondering how EMERSON could ever have tolerated WHITMAN for a moment:

> He went on, in words I do not recall, to object to the absence of meter in "Leaves of Grass"; and ended, I remember, by taking down a volume of Tennyson from the shelf—handling it affectionately and showing me the author's autograph on the fly-leaf—and dwelling on the beauty of diction and meter.

The quotation is interesting as an evidence of the change in literary taste that has taken place in the last fifty years. In the Emersonian period TENNYSON and LONGFELLOW were the two supreme poets who were idolized by every one; while POE, who hurt himself woefully by his criticism of LONGFELLOW, was merely "the jingle man," and WHITMAN was scarcely worth the trouble of condemning.

THIS prevailing passion for TENNYSON is noted further by Miss LOWELL, who quotes a letter by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who writes of "Maud" that it is "remarkably fine," and that "I tried to read it aloud, but broke down in the middle in a subdued passion of tears." The quotation outlines more definitely than anything else that could be said on the subject the changes that have taken place in the taste for poetry during the last half century. Who weeps over "Maud" today? The poem gives typical expression of a lachrymose sentimentality that was much in favor with anti-Victorians. In those days also the death of Little Nell was productive of rivers of tears among people who prided themselves on their "sensibility." But today DICKENS is prized less for his overwrought pathos than his humor, and we go to TENNYSON for such matchless lyrics as he scatters through "The Princess" or for such pictures, ripe with the genuine classic tradition, as he gives in "Oenone," not for the nineteenth century sentiment that inspires "Maud" or "Enoch Arden." Even the supremacy of his "Idyls of the King" has rather tattered of late, his Guenevere and Launcelot and Arthur seeming rather shadowy, genteel personages, compared with the robust originals that one finds in MALLORY or in the later conceptions that grew out of the influence of the pre-Raphaelites. In other words, in poetry as in every other branch of literature, a certain vigorous, realistic sort of treatment seems to have displaced, in great part, the "refinement of sentiment" that was characteristic of our immediate forebears. Hence the surprise with which we look back upon the treatment accorded WHITMAN, the barbarian, and EDGAR ALLAN POE, "the jingle man," by the literary New Englanders of a generation ago. The change in taste does not necessarily imply a comparative lack in us of appreciation for true "sentiment." But it does imply that the more or less melodramatic expression of sentiment, in prose and poetry, has lost much of its appeal, and that in its place there is demanded of our singers a genuine, healthful realism for which WHITMAN so pre-eminently stood.

THE daily papers are filled with items of news, more or less disconnected to the average reader, describing the progress of various disrupting forces that are particularly in evidence in Russia and Germany. But, just because these news reports are disconnected and are at the same time related to vast regions about which definite knowledge is often lacking, a comprehensive view of all that Bolshevism stands for and has actually accomplished is much needed. A series of articles furnishing just this kind of information is given in THE CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES for May, where the revolutions and internal disorders that have harassed the Eastern Hemisphere during the last month are graphically and critically described. Besides this general feature the magazine contains the full text of LLOYD GEORGE'S Review of the Peace Conference with a report of its proceedings, "The Truth Concerning the Relations of China and Japan," "How Emperor CHARLES Was Banished," "Striking Character Sketches of LENIN and TROTZKY," "Bolshevist Doctrine Expounded by Leading Bolsheviki," "How the Second Revolution Occurred in Hungary." The demobilization of the American Armies, together with the full story of the work of the Knights of Columbus, the Council of National Defense, the part Canada took in the war, form special articles from official records of peculiar interest.

ACCORDING to a chart, published recently in The Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer, as compared with the year 1917, there was a total loss of 823 books published in the United States and of 415 in Great Britain. The decrease in this country, coming in the second year of our entrance into the war, is not surprising. The scarcity of paper and various other adverse conditions had pointed to the result long before it had become a fact to be used by statisticians. The most interesting feature of the chart is the showing made by books of history. Under this classification there were 922 titles published in 1913, while of fiction, the next largest division, there were 788. This comparative decrease in fiction is not to be attributed solely to the influence of the war. The Bookseller gives this interesting survey of what has been taking place in this respect for some years back:

> Statistics for the past eight years record a lessening number, as well as a decreasing proportion, of fiction to the whole total; and for the past eight years at least ninety out of each and every hundred books have been non-fiction. In 1908 the percentage was 16.1 per cent., in 1904 it was 23 per cent., and in 1901, 27 per cent., or more than one-quarter fiction.

A curious effect of literary centenaries on the production of books is thus recorded by The Bookseller:

> The year 1909 was noted as the centenary or bicentary or tercentenary of LINCOLN, POE, O. W. HOLMES, SAMUEL JOHNSON, CALVIN, GOGOL, MENDELSSOHN, HAYDN, MRS. HEMANS, EDWARD FITZGERALD, TENNYSON, DARWIN, MRS. BROWNING, BROWNING, and CHARLES LEVER. The consequent republication of the works of the above-mentioned and of much literary matter concerning them swelled the class known as "general literature" to abnormal proportions, not only in 1909, when the record was 1,136 in this class to 1,026 in fiction, but over into 1910 with the huge total of 2,091, as compared with 1,539 in fiction.

LATEST BOOKS

History and Biography

PROBLEMS OF PEACE. By Guglielmo Ferrero. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Traces Europe's peace problems from the time of the Holy Alliance to the League of Nations.

MEXICO UNDER CARRANZA. By Thomas B. Gibbon. 12mo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
The author writes from a personal knowledge of Mexico. His book is an indictment of the Carranza Government.

THE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By William Draper Lewis. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston Company. $2.75.
The author of the biography was Dean of the Law School, University of Pennsylvania. There is an introduction by ex-President Taft.

HELPS FOR STUDENTS OF HISTORY. Edited by C. Johnson and J. R. Whitney. Pamphlet. New York: The Macmillan Company. Municipal Records by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Episcopal Registers of England and Wales by R. C. Fowler. The Public Record Office by Charles Johnson. Mediæval Reckonings of Time by Reginald L. Poole. 30 cents each.
Historical pamphlets issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS. By H. B. Osborn. 12mo. New York: John Lane Company. $4.
A first selection of the lives of young men who fell in the great war.

POLITICAL LEADERS OF PROVINCIAL PENNSYLVANIA. By Isaac Sharpless. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.
Series of biographical sketches of William Penn, William Lloyd, David Lloyd, James Logan, John Kinsey, Isaac Norris, James Pemberton, John Dickinson.

Poetry and Drama

SCATTERED MISTS. By Maud R. Browne. 12mo. Boston. The Gorham Press.
Collection of short verse.

SONGS OF THE GRANITE HILLS. By Clark E. Cochrane. 12mo. Boston: The Gorham Press.
Collection of short verse.

THE NEW MORNING. By Alfred Noyes. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35.
Collection of short poems, most of which have to do with the war.

THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES. By Eugene O'Neill. 12mo. New York: Sonl & Liveright. $1.35.
Seven one-act plays of the sea.

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Collection of short poems.

BETA BELLE AND OTHER VERSE. By John Stuart Thomson. 12mo. Toronto: William Briggs. $1.
Collection of poems, many of which have appeared in Canadian and British periodicals.

THE EARTH TURNS SOUTH. By Clement Wood. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Collection of short poems, some of them in negro dialect.

Essays

PAST AND PRESENT. By I. Friedlaender. 12mo. Cincinnati: Ark Publishing Company.
A collection of Jewish essays.

THE HILLS OF DESIRE. By Richard Annerie Maher. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
Describes the experiences of a man and wife who go on a riding expedition in search of health.

THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE. By Albert Mordell. 12mo. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.75.
A study in psycho-analysis.

SHYLOCK NOT A JEW. By Maurice Packard. 12mo. Boston: The Stratford Company. 75 cents.
Argues against the conception of the Jewish character at the time of Shakespeare.

War Books

ADVENTURES IN PROPAGANDA. By Captain Heber Blankenhorn. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.
An account of the propaganda carried on across the lines by the American and German propaganda departments.

WITH "E" OF THE FIRST GAS. By Sergeant William L. Langer and Private Robert B. MacMillin. 12mo. Brooklyn, N. Y.: B. Y. Holton Printing Company.
The authors relate their experiences at the front.

PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION. By Isaac Lippincott. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
Takes up such problems as war control, war and labor, and some of the economic results of the war.

THE RED SIGNAL. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.
An adventure story in wartime.

FIGHTING TYPES. Pictures by W. G. Yarnell. Verses by Hampden Gordon. 12mo. New York: John Lane Company. $1.
Collection of drawings of typical soldiers with descriptive couplets in rhyme.

THE WONDER OF WAR AT SEA. By Francis Rath-Wheeler. 12mo. Boston: Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.50.
Describes some of the principal naval battles of the great war.

GIRLS OF THE Y. D. By Corporal Slater Washburn. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.
A story of the Yankee Division from the viewpoint of an enlisted man. The author started as a Corporal in the 52nd Field Artillery of the 26th Division, and at the end of the war was made Lieutenant.

THE FIGHT FOR THE ARGONNE. By William R. West. 12mo. New York: The Abingdon Press. 75 cents.
Describes the experiences of a Y. M. C. A. man with the fighting forces that won the battle in the Argonne Forest.

Fiction

RAINBOW ISLAND. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.50.
The scene of the story is laid on the Maine seacoast.

ROSY. By Louis Dodge. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60.
A romance of the Ozarks.

THE BOUNDER. By Arthur Hodges. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.60.
A story of Bohemian life as the author sees it in New York.

LILIES WHITE AND RED. By Frances Wilson Huard. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.
Two short stories of life in France, "Mme. Pruno" and "The Corporal."

THE GOLDEN ROPE. By J. W. Brodie Innes. 12mo. New York: John Lane Company. $1.60.
Story of a famous artist who was commissioned to paint a picture of a haunted castle in Cornwall.

THE AZURE ROSE. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. 12mo. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.50.
A romance, having the Latin quarter in Paris for its background.

VICTORIOUS. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. 12mo. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.75.
A story woven around the part America has played in the world war.

THE WIND IN THE GARDEN. By Hervey Lancaster. 12mo. Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.35.
A story of French people living on the banks of the lower Mississippi.

THE TOYS OF PEACE. By H. H. Munro. 12mo. New York: John Lane Company.
Collection of short stories and sketches.

THE SHRIEKING PIT. By Arthur J. Rees. 12mo. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.
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Applies the results of colloid research to biology. The book is an authorized translation of the second German edition, with notes and emendations.

THE I. W. W. By Paul Frederick Brissenden. 8vo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.
A study of American syndicalism.

ARMATURE CONSTRUCTION. By H. M. Hobart and A. G. Ellis. 8vo. New York: Isaac Pitman Sons. $7.
A practical treatise for electrical engineers.

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Describes the growth and development of Chicago and tells the part that has been played in this development by organized city planning.

THE MULATTO IN THE UNITED STATES. By Edward Byron Reuter. 8vo. Boston: Richard Badger. $2.50.
A psychological and sociological study having to do primarily with the mixed blood races throughout the world.

THE PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING RADIO COMMUNICATION. 12mo. Washington: Government Printing Office.
One of the radio pamphlets prepared by the Bureau of Standards under the direction of the Office of the Chief Signal Officer of the army.

Philosophy and Religion

THE CHALLENGE OF THE WAR. By Henry Frank. 12mo. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.50.
An affirmative study of immortality.

PROPHECY AND AUTHORITY. By Kemper Fullerton. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A study in the history of the doctrine of interpretation of the Scriptures. The author is Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature in the Oberlin Graduate School of Theology.

HANDBOOK OF FRENCH AND BELGIAN PROTESTANTISM. Prepared by Louise Seymour Houghton. 12mo. New York: Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.
An historical sketch of Protestantism from the earliest days to the present time.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT." By Malcolm James McLeod. 12mo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.
Twelve essays on religious and moral subjects.

COURAGE. By Jeanette Marks. 12mo. New York: The Woman's Press. $1.25.
Collections of short essays on religious and moral themes.

STUDIES IN MARK'S GOSPEL. By A. T. Robertson. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
A critical discussion of the chief aspect of the Gospel of St. Mark.

KEYNOTE STUDIES IN KEYNOTE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE. By C. Alphonso Smith. 12mo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.
The books from the Bible that are dealt

(Continued on Page 258)

PIO BAROJA AND THE CONTEMPORARY SPANISH NOVEL

By FEDERICO DE ONIS
Professor of Spanish Literature, Columbia University

CAESAR OR NOTHING. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Louis How. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

PIO BAROJA, now 47 years old, published his first book, "Gloomy Lives," (Vidas Sombrias,) in 1900. His work during the nineteen years of the present century comprises some twenty-five volumes. With the exception of this first volume, which is a collection of short stories, and two later volumes of articles and essays, all the rest are novels.

From the first the literary personality of Pio Baroja has afforded a sharp note of originality which sets him off, not only from all who came before him but from his contemporaries and his successors. At the close of the nineteenth century, when he began to write, the realistic novel in its last phase was still dominant, that type of novel which in twenty-five years had produced in Spain such figures as Galdos, Valera, and Pereda first, and later Pardo Bazan, Palacio Valdés, and Leopoldo Alas. The realistic novel has, since 1894, enjoyed its last triumph in Blasco Ibañez, who stands, a strikingly powerful link, between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, retaining the strength and objectivity of the first, joined to the capacity for innovation and the spiritual restlessness of the second. Pio Baroja, Azorin, Valle-Inclan are the exponents of the diverse forms that the novel has assumed in Spain in the twentieth century.

There is a sharp line of demarkation between the two moments, between the two generations that lived side by side, yet between whom there lies the distance of two epochs. In style and expression, in emotions and vision the second generation represents a profound and violent reaction against the first. The reaction which took place at the end of the century in all the world against the naturalistic novel and the renascence of every subjective tendency, spiritualistic, mystic, and romantic, produced a particularly deep reverberation in Spain, where it was intensified by the national hyperaesthesia brought on by the tragic situation of those years. This group of writers is often called in Spain "the generation of 98," thus uniting this brilliant literary and artistic flowering to the date of the last colonial disaster.

A longing to penetrate into the depths of the soul of the individual and of the nation and to achieve the most honest and sincere form of expression was the only common bond between these men. In all the rest their passionate desire for originality and self-expression started them off in the most opposed directions. And so, while Valle-Inclan is refined and exquisite, and Azorin contained, concise, and delicate Pio Baroja is sincere and ingenuous to the point of cynicism, as spontaneous and natural as though there had never been literature before him.

Pio Baroja has painted in a sad and lyric fashion the sweet landscapes of his native land, that soft green country of the Basques, and the introspective, melancholy souls of its people. He has written of the miserable life of the lowest strata of Madrid, and the desire for social redemption that dwells in the humble; he has written novels of psychological extravagance and of fantastic invention; novels of journeys and of the life of the cosmopolitan centres; historical novels of the Spain of the beginning of the 19th century, with all its turbulence and conflict, and novels in which he searches deep into the soul of Spain, into that troubled soul of the Spain of today, filled with the débris of the past, yet with vague longings for regeneration and the future.

These novels are always a personal expression of the author; the world seen through eyes that are at once childlike and skeptical, sad and humorous. This lyric quality of Baroja is in no way incompatible with his seeing the reality, with his catching the fleeting soul of passing objects, the peculiar tint of the place and the occasion; but always enveloped in and colored by his personality, which views the world through ingenuous yet weary eyes. And throughout his work there runs a philosophy which would be pessimistic were it not for its saving humor.

It can be easily seen from the foregoing that there is a striking similarity between the work of Baroja and that of the Russians. There is in this fact a coincidence, not an influence. Spain and Russia, despite the great differences that exist between them, offer striking similarities. And the individuality which is the dominant note of Baroja's work has not been learned in any school. It has ever been a marked feature of the Spanish character.

Baroja has demonstrated throughout his work a profound sympathy with those beings that show an exaggerated or abnormal development of personality, incapable of associating themselves with others, vagabounds like the adventurers and rogues of old, who wander through life without ever finding quiet or repose; types which Spanish life has always afforded in extraordinary variety and abundance. And the reader of Baroja sees through these erratic, illogical beings an illogical world, a world in which things happen and pass as incessantly as in life itself.

It is therefore idle to seek in his novels a harmonious structure, orderly, rounded, and complete. For the spirit of Baroja is as errant as that of his characters; he loves digressions; he delights in details. And in this very fact lies his originality and charm. Some have called these qualities defects, as they have his careless, natural, but vigorous and spontaneous style, when it is precisely these apparent defects that constitute his never-to-be-forgotten enchantment.

"Caesar or Nothing," which has just been made accessible to English readers in an excellent translation, is perhaps not the best of Baroja's novels, but it is the one which assembles more of the traits and characteristics of the author. There are two parts quite distinct from each other, the first of which takes place in Italy and which has the varied, discursive, almost cinematographic, character which has already been pointed out in Baroja's works: through it there passes a dizzying procession of landscapes, cities, personages, all caught, so to speak, on the wing, in their momentary, fleeting attitude, which have been noted with admirable exactitude, and commented on with a fresh and occasionally cruel humor. The second and, in my opinion, more powerful part occurs in Spain and gives a vivid impression of one of its paralyzed cities, into the crannies of whose soul Baroja has penetrated with remarkable acuteness. The leading character, he who would be Caesar or nothing, is one of those types so frequent in Baroja, a mixture of weakness and strength, a man with a sick will.

The American reader may find himself a bit confused by a novel of this type, which analyses with such intensity psychological and social worlds so different from those he knows. But it is possible that this very novelty will give it additional charm: at any rate it should arouse more curiosity and attention. Any one who wishes to know the soul of the Spain of today, or at least one phase of it, the saddest and most pessimistic, perhaps, but not therefore less real, should read carefully the novels of Baroja, which are, at the same time, one of Spain's finest contributions to modern literature.

THE INCOME TAX

INCOME TAX PROCEDURE, 1919. By Robert H. Montgomery. New York: The Ronald Press Company. $6.

OF making and buying books on our income tax laws there can be no end until Congress shall cease passing them. It matters not how excellent a book may have been on any given law, it is useless regarding any later law, and the later book is better than the earlier, irrespective of the merits on any previous comparison. Mr. Montgomery's books on the income tax laws rank in the first class because of his standing both as lawyer and accountant, and because he has followed the series of laws with his writings. The laws have varied, but not the commentator. He has preserved his standards, and is just in both his praise and criticism. Those interested rather in the subject than in the law itself may be recommended to his introduction on income taxes in general. Reviewing the laws of all nations through many years, he reaches the conclusion that the income tax is among the best of taxes, and is considered so in many lands. Those hoping for relief from ours will be disappointed except in the matter of rates and in alleviation of unnecessary hardships. That there is room for this relief there is no doubt.

The law of 1917 was "faulty and poorly framed." Its partial success was "due to unusually courageous and intelligent administration by the Treasury. Certainly no credit belongs to Congress; its portion of the task could scarcely have been more poorly performed." But the present law of 1918 "is almost a good one," but condemned for its retroactive feature. "When it is considered that a revenue bill which imposed a tax on the 1918 profits of practically every business man and business concern did not become a law until nearly fourteen months after the date as of which it become effective it is hardly possible to express one's views of those in Congress who have charge of tax legislation. After a time patience ceases to be a virtue." There is different comment regarding the manner in which the largest income taxes ever laid by any nation were met by the taxpayers. American taxpayers are as honest under difficulties as taxlayers have been inadequate to their duties.

Exceptional Praise from the Reviewers

BLIND ALLEY

By W. L. GEORGE
Author of
"THE SECOND BLOOMING"

¶ "'BLIND ALLEY' is a wonderful book. . . . A deep understanding of men and women. A book the depth, the scope, the range of which put it absolutely out of the class of anything that the war has produced. . . . There are many who will fly into denunciation of this book, but it is beautiful to find someone who flees from sentimental gush and dares to stare a situation in the face. 'BLIND ALLEY' is an extraordinary novel. But it is more than that. It is a cry in the night." —*Chicago Daily News.*

¶ "'BLIND ALLEY is a product of cool intelligence and exceptional art."—*Boston Herald.*

¶ "'BLIND ALLEY' is full of a passionate protest against war and vivid pictures of the destruction it has wrought in the lives and hearts of the English people. Mr. George's hand is always skilful, as he is a close observer of life. . . . This book is quite up to the high standard of his other work."—*New York Tribune.*

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LATEST BOOKS

(Continued from Page 256)

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THE COLLEGE GATEWAY. By Charles F. Thwing. 12mo. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50.

The sermons dating from 1886 to 1906 were given during the period when the author was President of Western Reserve College.

Travel

A PILGRIM IN PALESTINE. By John Finley. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

An illustrated account of the journeys on foot by the first American pilgrim after General Allenby's recovery of the Holy Land.

ADVENTURES IN ALASKA. By S. Hall Young. 12mo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.

The author gives his experiences and adventures while doing missionary work in Alaska.

PICTURES OF LONDON and PICTURES OF PARIS. By Celebrated artists. 8vo. New York: John Lane Company. Two volumes.

Collection of full-page pictures, eight of which are in color, the rest in monotone.

Juvenile

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING. By Ruth Hill. 12mo. Boston: Richard Badger. 50 cents.

A story and a play published in the series of "Little Folks' Plays of American Heroes."

GOOD OLD STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Selected by Elva S. Smith 12mo. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.

An anthology of twenty famous stories and poems. The anthologist belongs to the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

DAVE PORTER'S WAR HONORS. By Edward Stratemeyer. 12mo. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

A war story for boys, being the fifteenth and concluding volume of the Dave Porter series.

New Editions

ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE. By J. M. Barrie. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

Published in the Uniform Edition of the Plays of Mr. Barrie.

MUTUAL INTERESTS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL. By George Wilder Cartwright. 12mo. Los Angeles, Cal.: Commercial Federation of California.

Aims to "bring labor and capital to a better understanding with each other." The book is a second edition revised.

HOW TO LIVE. By Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk. 12mo. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.

Fifteenth edition of a work first published in 1915 and now revised, enlarged and reset.

JUDAISM AS CREED AND LIFE. By The Rev. Morris Joseph. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

A third edition, revised, of a work first published in 1903.

Miscellaneous

A SECOND BOOK OF COMPOSITION. By Thomas H. Briggs and Isabel McKinney. 12mo. New York: Ginn & Co.

A textbook for high schools.

A DICTIONARY OF 6,000 PHRASES. Compiled by Edwin Hamlin Carr. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Besides giving six thousand familiar English phrases, there are appended one hundred model social letters.

LABOR TURNOVER, LOYALTY AND OUTPUT. By Fred H. Colvin. 12mo. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company.

A study of the trend of the times as shown by the results of war activities in the machine shops and elsewhere.

BACCALAUREATE SERMONS. By R. G. Ferguson. 12mo. Boston: Richard Badger. $1.50.

The series of baccalaureate addresses were delivered in the Westminster College by its President.

THE RELIGIOUS POLICY OF THE BAVARIAN GOVERNMENT DURING THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD. By Chester Penn Higby. 8vo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

One of a series of studies in war, economics, and public law.

PROBLEMS OF THE SECONDARY TEACHER. By William Jerusalem. 12mo. Boston: Richard Badger. $1.75.

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THE SOCIETY OF FREE STATES. By Dwight Morrow. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

An analysis of the purpose of the League of Nations, together with a study of former projects for world peace.

THE NATURALIST IN A BOARDING SCHOOL. By William Alphonso Murrill. 12mo. Bronxwood Park, N. Y.: Published by the author. $1.50.

Sketches and short essays on various subjects connected with natural history.

TEXTS FOR STUDENTS. By Caroline A. J. Skeel, H. J. White, and J. P. Whitney. Pamphlets. New York: The Macmillan Company. SELECTIONS FROM MATTHEW PARIS, 30 cents. SELECT PASSAGES, arranged by H. J. White. 10 cents; SELECTIONS FROM GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS. 30 cents; SELECTIONS FROM THE VULGATE, arranged by H. J. White. 30 cents; THE EPISTLE OF ST. CLEMENT OF ROME. 30 cents; LATIN WRITINGS OF ST. PATRICK. By Newport. J. D. White. 20 cents; LIBRI SANCTI PATRICII. Edited by N. J. D. White. 30 cents.

Series of pamphlets giving passages in the original from various classics of literature.

THE BUSINESS MAN AND HIS "OVERFLOW." By William E. Sweet. 12mo. New York: The Abingdon Press. 75 cents.

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(Continued from Page 255)

to marry her employer. There is a counterplot comprising the adventures of Donald Kyrle, who writes free verse and defies his father by starting a rival interior decorating shop with Nixola's sister Madge as mainspring. He is an engaging youth, described by his friend as being "* * * a bit of a blackguard, a bit of a hypocrite, a bit of a cad, a bit of a liar, a bit of a [illegible], and a bit of a thief; and the catalogue might be indefinitely expanded. There in a nutshell is the reason for the universality of his appeal. He touches each one of us on some side. * * *"

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FIELDS OF THE FATHERLESS

THE FIELDS OF THE FATHERLESS. By Jean Roy. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

JEAN ROY may or may not be a pen name; it is the name used in the narrative, wherein, in the first person, the author tells a moving story of a Scotch-Irish village girl's life. Her home was in a quaint little town by the sea, her grandfather wore white moleskin trousers that were always spotless, there were potted geraniums on the long green stool at the house door, and the flags in the courtyard were always scrubbed shining white; but here the charm and picturesqueness ends. The cottage with the geraniums was uncomfortable and ill-ventilated, too small for any decent privacy for its inmates. The grandfather, who was so fastidious about his appearance, was anything but fastidious in his moments of anger about his speech to his children; and many a time they were all beaten black and blue. The grandmother was kind and good, but she had a weakness for gin, and as she grew older her occasional tipplings became so frequent that she was rarely "herself." There was a deal of quarrelling going on, indoors and out. And in the village itself, and in the family, delicate little Jean was looked upon as an outcast, because she was an illegitimate child.

No mention is ever made of the girl's father. Her mother was the eldest daughter of the grandparents with whom she lived, and her two aunts and an uncle were so near her own age that she always called them "sisters" and "brother," and her grandparents "mother" and "father" as well. Her mother had been wild and disobedient, utterly uncontrolled by her parents' harsh methods, and when the little daughter was a year old she ran away with the man in whose public house she was a barmaid, and was not seen for years. She lived in London, and little Jean used to dream of her as some remote and beautiful creature who would come back some day and astonish the village by her magnificence. In some degree she did that in her first return, for she was very pretty, had plenty of rich clothes, and was well supplied with money; but with each returning visit—they were always brief—she was obviously coarser. At last came the terrible news that she had been sent to jail as a "drunk and disorderly"; after that she was frequently "sent up," and when she appeared at home she was almost always intoxicated, making more and more trouble with each visit.

There was an older brother—really Jean's uncle—who was married, and whose wife quarreled with his family; then there was a younger boy, Jack, who was a good and lovable lad, and a great help and comfort to little Jean; but he married young, was overworked and overburdened, and died of consumption before his family had done more than come to a tardy realization that he was sick. Of the two sisters, one had a crippled arm, which had kept her from school, so that she never learned to read or write; she was a sad, good, patient girl, gentle and long-suffering. The other, who was younger, was brighter, more ambitious, more pleasure-loving; she went to Glasgow to work, and she and Jean were in a factory together; she married, after a while, apparently the only man who ever "kept company with" her; he drank, and soon became insane; he died in an asylum.

This is the dreary background of Jean's life, and it is this that impresses itself upon the reader, far more than her experiences as factory-worker, domestic servant, and stewardess on a boat. She worked, at these and other means of livelihood, but she really says very little about them. She was delicate, sensitive, resentful of patronage or condescension; she rarely stayed long in one position, or even in one kind of work. She had several severe illnesses, and one long term in hospital, where she had a serious operation, but was so happy in the cleanliness and roominess and kindness of the place that she was heartbroken when she had to leave. Then, too, her presence was often needed at home, and she would have to stop working and help take care of the old folks there. At the end of the book, when her grandfather and her loved uncle have died, she is at home, trying to keep peace and comfort with the widowed Meg, the maimed Ann, and the old grandmother whose mind has failed and who has moods of terrible violence. The record closes with reflections about the pleasures of books and the glories of nature, but one cannot help feeling that they have been dragged in! The book is fragmentarily written, jerky, and unsatisfactory often. It has a wealth of quaint expressions, especially in conversation, but to some extent in the author's own narrative. It is a sad record, haunting in its impression of friendlessness, hopelessness, of aimless drifting. Jean Roy is not pursued by any of the "perils" that menace working girls in conventional fiction; no man lay snares for her unwary feet; instead, one has the feeling of dreary reality, in this hand-to-mouth existence from day to day.

CRATER'S GOLD

CRATER'S GOLD. By Philip Curtiss. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $1.50 net.

A CLEVER and interesting little story, with some excellent character drawing and a whimsical plot well sprinkled with surprises, is Philip Curtiss's new novel "Crater's Gold." The scene is laid in a New England village called "Eden," but most of the principal characters are New Yorkers. The hero, Andrew Stiles, is an ex-newspaper man who, on the death of his uncle, his mother's brother, had inherited the old house and farm at Eden which had belonged to his mother's family for generations, besides an amount of money which to him was nothing less than a fortune. When the book opens, he has been living in the utterly neglected and ramshackle old house at Eden for three weeks, blissfully employed in doing nothing. Then one morning things begin to happen. First of these happenings is the arrival of one Baumgarten, a wealthy manufacturer of "art novelties," known to be interested in theatrical matters, with an offer to buy the place. Close on his heels comes the local real estate agent, who is also ready with an offer. Stiles, who has no desire to sell, is a good deal bewildered by this sudden demand for his property. Then, a little later, appears Charlie Ehrberger himself, the well-known theatrical manager, who proves to be quite unlike Stiles's mental picture of him, and a charming young actress named Rose Fuller. Ehrberger and Rose Fuller are obliged to remain for a while in Stiles's house, and many amusing adventures and misadventures result from the enforced visit.

The author has an unusually keen sense of character, and his people are flesh and blood human beings entertainingly and graphically described. Especially well done are the Broadway habitués, Baumgarten and Ehrberger, the old Judge, and the taciturn housekeeper, Mrs. Fields. Ehrberger's naïveté, his insatiable curiosity, and that quality in him which made all those whom he knew admire him more or less, are very neatly and adroitly sketched. The dialogue is easy and natural, and though the love story has an air of having been inserted because the author felt some sort of a love story to be indispensable, the rest of the book is decidedly entertaining.

EYES OF THE BLIND

THE EYES OF THE BLIND. By Arthur Somers Roche. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

THIS is a rattling good detective story of the war. It really is the kind of tale that one reads at a single sitting. And although there have no doubt been many better books—yes, better romantic novels from this war—one does not make comparisons while one is lost in the story!

"The Eyes of the Blind" has to do with German machinations in the United States in the Spring of 1917, and it is a story consistently told and thoroughly mystifying. Moreover, there is some real subtlety in the tale.

The object of the "propagandists"—to call them by the gentlest possible name—is to win the publisher of a chain of powerful newspapers to their support; that is, to the support of a purely nominal waging of war against Germany. The plot of the story tells how they were defeated, but it also tells how mysteriously they and their opponents worked, and how much at cross-purposes different groups of the same party might unwittingly be.

Stephen Gryce, the publisher, is a lover of peace. Patriotic American through and through, he none the less has opposed our entry into the war. But with the actual declaration of hostilities he of course supports the Government. To him comes the Comte de Grecque, member of a French

(Continued on Page 264)

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THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA, Volumes 2, 6, 7, 19, 27, 28, 30, 34, 39, 42. Allen Johnson, Editor. New Haven: The Yale University Press. $3.50 per volume.

THE same high standard of scholarship and excellent simplicity of style characteristics of the first ten volumes of "The Chronicles of America" are present also in this second installment in the series. The fifty volumes, when they are finally issued, bid fair to do a genuine work in stimulating interest in our origins and history. The books are not incumbered by footnotes, their form is beautiful, the aim is always to tell a story, interesting for its own sake. Moreover, the series has features which give it special distinction. Phases of our history are stressed which in most works are dismissed in a chapter. And these phases are often the most important in our national development and the most fascinating in themselves. What could be more romantic than Mr. Burton Hendrick's story of "The Age of Big Business"? There is more to marvel at in it than in old-time chronicles of gold-laden galleons or pirates. So with Mr. Orth's book on "The Boss and the Machine," since pirates have entered the figure. A glance down the list of fifty titles to be included in "The Chronicles of America" shows what a broad view of our history the editors have taken. There are volumes on "Colonial Folkways," "The Paths of Inland Commerce," "The American Spirit in Education," "The American Spirit in Literature," "The Railroad Builders," "The Armies of Labor," "The Masters of Capital," "The Cleveland Era," &c.

It is impossible to speak in detail of all these ten books. But since they are all animated by a like spirit it will be possible to suggest the quality of the ten by speaking of a few. Mr. Hendrick's book, "The Age of Big Business," read in conjunction with Mr. Orth's, "The Boss and the Machine," will give a really genuine insight into the conditions of our business and political life since the civil war. In Mr. Hendrick's pages the heroes (often not quite immaculate heroes) of our tremendous industrial expansion appear in their habit as they lived. There is no extenuation of their faults, but neither is Mr. Hendrick a muckraker for the pleasure of it. He sees the work of these men in their entirety. Here, for example, is his estimate of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Speaking of his work in railroad consolidation, he says:

> If, in transforming these discordant railroads into one, Vanderbilt bribed Legislatures and corrupted courts, if he engaged in the largest stock-watering operations on record up to that time, and took advantage of inside information to make huge winnings on the Stock Exchange, he also ripped up the old iron rails and relaid them with steel, discarded the old locomotives for new and more powerful ones, built splendid new terminals, introduced economies in a hundred directions, cut down the hours required in a New York-Chicago trip from fifty to twenty-four, made his highway an expeditious line for transporting freight, and transformed railroads that had formerly been the playthings of Wall Street and that frequently could not meet their payrolls into exceedingly profitable, high-dividend paying properties. In this operation Vanderbilt typified the era that was dawning—an era of ruthlessness, of personal selfishness, of corruption, of disregard of private rights, of contempt for law and Legislatures, and yet of vast and beneficial achievement. The men of this time may have traveled roughshod to their goal, but, after all, they opened up, in an amazingly short time, a mighty continent to the uses of mankind. The triumph of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad under Vanderbilt, a triumph which dazzled European investors as well as our own, and which represented an entirely different business organization from anything the nation had hitherto seen, appropriately ushered in the new business era whose outlines will be sketched in the succeeding pages.

Mr. Hendrick then goes on to tell the story of Standard Oil, "the first great American trust," of its practical immunity to Congressional legislation, the enormous scope of its holdings. Then he tells of "The Epic of Steel"—"the present generation of Americans inherited a country which was wood and have transformed it into steel." There is a fine chapter on the telephone. And finally, in speaking of the automobile, Mr. Hendrick contrasts Cornelius Vanderbilt with Henry Ford, who has "democratized" the automobile:

> The career of Henry Ford has a symbolic significance as well. It may be taken as signalizing the new ideals that have gained the upper hand in American industry. We began this review of American business with Cornelius Vanderbilt as the typical figure. It is a happy augury that it closes with Henry Ford in the foreground. . . . With Ford the spirit of service has been the predominating motive.

It is an unlovely story that is told in "The Boss and the Machine." Several of Nast's cartoons, reprinted from Harper's Weekly in the palmy days of the Tweed Ring, illustrate the types with which Mr. Orth has had to deal. In one Tweed is represented as guarding a group of vultures against a storm of criticism. It is called "Let Us Prey." The book furnishes a history of the fight against corruption, from De Witt Clinton to Quay. In a chapter on "The Tide of Materialism," Mr. Orth points out the close relation of "Big Business" to our political life:

> No other event has had so practical a bearing on our politics and our economic and social life as the advent of the corporate device for owning and manipulating private business. For it links the omnipotence of the State to the limitations of private ownership; it thrusts the interests of private business into every Legislature that grants charters or passes regulating acts; it diminishes, on the other hand, that stimulus to honesty and correct dealing which a private individual discerns to be his greatest asset in trade, for it replaces individual responsibility with group responsibility and scatters ownership among so large a number of persons that sinister manipulation is possible.

The second volume in the series is by Irving Berdine Richman, and is about "The Spanish Conquerors." It is a stirring narrative, though lacking in the fine freedom of "The Elizabethan Sea-Dogs," the third volume in the series. The incredible conquest of Mexico by Cortes and Pizarro's subjugation of Peru, the background of the semi-barbaric cities of Mexico, the glitter and gold of a civilization extending back to dim antiquity, give savor to a very readable volume. Mr. Andrew's "The Fathers of New England" covers the whole of the seventeenth century, from the landing of the Pilgrims to the constitutional changes that followed upon the accession of William and Mary. The volume by Maud Wilder Goodwin, "Dutch and English on the Hudson," is an extremely pleasant description of early life in New York. The chapter on "The Burghers" is delightfully reminiscent of Washington Irving.

In "The Old Northwest" Frederick Austin Ogg treats of the half century between Pontiac's conspiracy and the War of 1812. It also contains material on the Black Hawk war and covers later events. Mr. Ogg has caught admirably the excitement of the time; his chapter on "The Great Migration" conveys a thrill of adventure:

> A flatboat trip down the great river (the Ohio) [he says] was likely to be filled with excitement. The sound of the steam dredge had never been heard on the Western waters, and the stream bed was as nature had made it, or rather was continually remaking it. . . . Consequently the sharpest lookout had to be maintained, and the pilot was both skillful and lucky who completed his trip without permitting his boat to be caught on a "planter," a log immovably fixed in the river bed.

"The Cotton Kingdom," by William E. Dodd, is a picture of the lower South just before the civil war. It describes the social customs, literature, and politics of the lower South in 1850; one of the most interesting chapters is on the "Philosophy of the Cotton Planter." "Men thought," Mr. Dodd tells us, that "the ideal social organization had been found. Were not the planters prosperous, the middle class and landless groups contented, and the slaves the happiest of living men"?

Jesse Macy's "The Anti-Slavery Crusade" tells not only of the abolition movement but of the whole projection of the slavery issue into politics, the squatter sovereignty struggle, the civil war in Kansas, and John Brown's raid. "The Day of the Confederacy" is by the Southern historian, Nathaniel W. Stephenson. It is "a chronicle of the embattled South," and its chief preoccupation is not so much with the war as with the administration of the Confederacy and its diplomatic history. There is excellent treatment of the Davis Government and of life in the Confederacy. Ralph D. Paine, as might be expected, writes with enthusiasm and gusto of "The Old Merchant Marine." This is a splendid book with its animated and picturesque narrative and fine engravings of old clipper ships and whalers. The chapter on "The Clipper and Her Glory" is a joy to read and typical of the book as a whole.

Photography

A generously illustrated volume entitled "The Marvels of Photography" contains a well-constructed history of the photographic art, beginning with an account of its discovery and including descriptions of its most notable achievements. There are special chapters in the book on photography and the criminal, photographing the invisible, the making of book illustrations, three-color process printing, and other interesting topics. (London: Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.)

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THE SATURDAY CLUB

(Continued from Page 253)

to promise so much that Mr. Emerson overlooked the occasional coarseness which offended him. * * * But the first work led him to expect better in the future, and in this he was disappointed. He used to say, "This catalogue-style of poetry is easy and leads nowhere," or words to that effect.

And Edward Carpenter mentions a conversation with Emerson in 1877, in which, speaking of Whitman, Emerson said:

> Well, I thought he had some merit at one time: there was a good deal of promise in his first edition—but he is a wayward, fanciful man.

Carpenter adds:

> He went on, in words I do not recall, to object to the absence of meter in "Leaves of Grass"; and ended, I remember, by taking down a volume of Tennyson from the shelf—handling it affectionately and showing me the author's autograph on the fly-leaf—and dwelling on the beauty of diction and meter.

This was four years after the publication of Emerson's collection "Parnassus," in which he included not a single poem by Whitman.

To match Edward Everett Hale's sympathetic review in the North American Review, there are dozens of hostile notices. Mr. Hale was not a member of The Saturday Club, but Longfellow was, and it is significant that in the two volumes of his published letters there is no mention of Whitman, while in Lowell's correspondence is this passage in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton:

> No, no, the kind of thing you describe won't do. When a man aims at originality, he acknowledges himself consciously unoriginal, a want of self-respect which does not often go along with the capacity for great things. The great fellows have always let the stream of their activity flow quietly—if one splashes in it he may make a sparkle, but he muddies it too, and the good folks down below (I mean posterity) will have none of it.

We are the "good folks down below" and our verdict has been strangely at variance with this high-handed prophecy.

So far, the gentlemen of The Saturday Club have spoken for themselves, but there are side lights upon them in certain letters of George William Curtis to William O'Connor, the author of "The Good Grey Poet," a pamphlet in defense of Whitman called forth by his dismissal from the Indian Office. Curtis writes:

> I heard it ("The Good Grey Poet") discussed among the Dii Majores at Boston, but they do not believe in your poet.

Later, after the appearance of Buchanan's famous letter in the London "News," Curtis, in the "Easy Chair" of Harper's Monthly, defends his countrymen from the charge of neglect in this illuminating manner:

> Mr. Whitman has had the same opportunity that Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow have had. His works have been very widely read and criticised. He has found a place in several of the chief magazines. * * * There is no conspiracy against Mr. Whitman, nor any jealousy against him among the acknowledged chiefs of American literature.

Oh, the irony of that "acknowledged chiefs"!

Finally, when the clamor had somewhat subsided and the bitterness was largely in retrospect, Whitman proves his awareness of a fact we surely need not deny after such testimony. He writes to O'Connor in 1888:

> There was, and is, a little knot of my most malignant enemies—deadly haters—in and around Boston.

If I translated "deadly hate" by "deafness," surely I was scarcely erring on the side of exaggeration. Whitman's term was colored by feeling; I endeavored to shade mine only by circumstance.

The case of Poe was somewhat different. Mrs. Hall is quite correct in saying that "the writings of Edgar Allan Poe were well known to the literary men of Boston." "The Raven," in fact, created something like a furore all over reading America. Lowell seems to have been more seriously impressed by Poe's merit than were the rest of the Boston literati. He asked him to contribute to the ill-starred Pioneer, and wrote him up in Graham's Magazine, but Poe's repeated and venomous attacks on Longfellow completely disgusted him. He wrote to Briggs:

> Poe, I am afraid, is wholly lacking in that element of manhood which, for want of a better name, we call character. It is something quite distinct from genius.

Being a true New Englander, it was almost impossible for Lowell to separate a man's poetry from his character, and what was almost impossible for Lowell seems to have been quite impossible for others of his set. Professor Woodbury sums up Poe's strictures on Longfellow by saying that he considered him "a plagiarist, a didactic poet, and a writer of hexameters." Long-

(Continued on Following Page)

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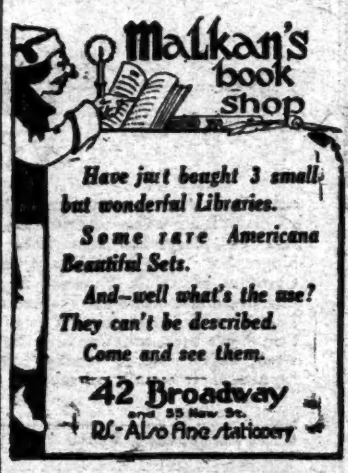

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THE SATURDAY CLUB

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Lowell's opinion of Poe is equally damning. On May 19, 1841, he writes to the poet:

> You are mistaken in supposing you are not favorably known to me. On the contrary, all that I have read from your pen has inspired me with a high idea of your power; and I think you are destined to stand among the first romance writers of the country, if such be your aim.

He allows him a creditable existence as a writer of stories, but simply ignores him as a poet.

Professor Woodberry, with fine acumen, characterizes Longfellow as belonging "to the poets of cultivation rather than of irrepressible genius." The two are always antithetic, and the whole question is answered if we put all New England in the first group, and Poe and Whitman in the second.

Longfellow excluded Poe from his anthology, "The Waif," as did Emerson also from "Parnassus." Indeed, so little interest had Poe for Emerson that there is no mention of him in the "Journals," but Emerson's attitude is sufficiently stated in Charles J. Woodbury's "Talks with Emerson." Here Poe is allowed "an uncommon facility for rhyme, a happy jingle," qualified by the usual local regret that "he might have become much had he been capable of self-direction." But the most amazing "deafness" is brought out in Emerson's opinion of the forgotten bard, Henrythe Willson, whom he speaks of as "The poet that was delighting us as "—"us" being Longfellow, Whittier, and Channing—and, referring to one of his poems, announces: "It far surpasses Poe in his peculiar vein." The lines he quotes in confirmation of this startling critical discovery are:

> This is the burden of the heart,
> The burden that it always bore;
> We live to love, we meet to part,
> And part to meet on earth no more;
> And clasp each other to the heart,
> And part to meet on earth no more.

Now let me say that I cheerfully withdraw my remarks about the English mail-bags, since they offend Mrs. Hall's sense of accuracy. Indeed, I meant them in a spiritual rather than a literal sense. No one born and brought up in Boston in the eighties can have escaped the Tickner and Fields reprints of English poets. Pleasant-eyed books, bound in decent-colored cloth with a blind arabesque stamping each flat side, admirably printed, they have been the portal through which most New England children have entered the world of English poetry. No, my metaphor was figurative. Was it entirely frivolous? Emerson, in his "Journal," calls Browning "ingenious," but decides that "Tennyson is the more public soul, walks on the catholic road, the path of gods and souls." And Dr. Emerson admits that "a wilfully involved style," like Browning's later work, was "odious" to his father.

Browning was held in no such opprobrium as Whitman, and he was never distrusted as was Poe; on the contrary, he was admired, even if a trifle grudgingly. Emerson put "The Last Leader," "A King," and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" into "Parnassus." Three poems as against twenty-two of Tennyson! This admiration of Tennyson was undoubtedly the undoing of the New England group. It is hard for a kinswoman to have to record that Lowell considered "Maud" "remarkably fine," and wrote, in a letter to Nathan: "I tried to read it aloud, but broke down in the middle in a subdued passion of tears." Both the tears and the cause of them are singularly irritating to twentieth-century nerves.

There is a curious and interesting juxtaposition in the reviews of Tennyson's "Princess" and Browning's poems contributed by Lowell to the Massachusetts Quarterly Review and the North American Review, respectively, the first in March, 1848, and the second one month later, in April. Again history shows one of its peculiar retrocurves, for although Lowell evidently prefers Tennyson, he finds more to say about Browning. Here I blush for my unfortunate "mail-bags," since the American reprint of Browning's "Collected Works" did not come out until 1849. The "works" consisted of "Paracelsus," "Sordello," and "Bells and Pomegranates." I have the original numbers of "Bells and Pomegranates" before me as I write, and it makes one sick with envy to think of the time when the early post might have deposited one of those long, thin pamphlets upon the breakfast table. No, Lowell was not entirely "deaf" to Browning, even though he feels obliged to begin his review with a long preamble on the necessity for a constantly renewing originality in art, the burden of which he seems to have forgotten when, seven years later, he wrote the letter about Whitman which I have quoted. But even though he considers that Browning "has in him the elements of great-

(Continued on Page 264)

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THE ART OF PARODY

(Continued from Page 253)

excellent "Parody Anthology," Miss Carolyn Wells quotes a suggestive sentence from Jeffrey's review of "Rejected Addresses": "The imitation lets us more completely into the secret of the original author, and enables us to understand far more clearly in what the peculiarity of his manner consists than most of us would ever have done without this assistance." That is to say, parody, when it attains to the high level of "Rejected Addresses" and of this "Christmas Garland," is essentially literary criticism. It may make us smile, or even laugh outright, but it also makes us think, as true humor ought to do. It is because they convey penetrating criticism, as well as because they contain humor, that we find delight in Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors," in Seaman's "Borrowed Plumes" and in Bunner's "Home, Sweet Home, with variations." These are all of them intimate imitations, recapturing both the soul and the style and heightening both with a deftly proportioned exaggeration.

Of course, it is only on rare occasions and in the hands of critics endowed with delicate perception as well as with insinuating humor that parody attains to this height. On the lower levels of the art the humor is less delicate and it is more obvious than the perception; and the overt assault on the risibility is more violent. Criticism is submerged and sheer fun predominates, as in the robust and hearty "Nonsense Novels" of Professor Stephen Leacock, in which the aim is not to characterize subtly any individual author, but to make fun, broadly and boldly, of certain kinds of fiction—the detective story, for example, the psychic pstory of the psupernatural, (as Professor Leacock spells it,) the sea-tale, and the allegory of the future.

The difference between "A Christmas Garland" and "Nonsense Novels" is the difference between comedy, which is a criticism of life, and farce, which is frankly fun. Both are perfectly legitimate forms of art, even though they stand on different altitudes; and it may be said that farce has always been more popular than comedy, because its appeal is wider. At a performance of "The Rivals" (which is mainly farce) we laugh far oftener than we do at a performance of "The School for Scandal," (which is comedy.) The insinuated criticism of "A Christmas Garland" will win a smile now and again from readers sufficiently sophisticated by literature, whereas the acrobatic humor of "Nonsense Novels" will provoke incessant laughter from readers who enjoy the exhilarating exhibition of rollicking high spirits.

There are austere souls to whom the pleasant art of parody is anathema, probably because they have been justly disgusted with the inexpensive, and even offensive, burlesques of noble poems, which deserve to be protected from perversion. No good purpose is served by twisting "To be or not to be" or the "Recessional" into something coarser, cheaper, lower. The loftier the lyric, the more sustaining its message, the more annoying is its wanton desecration at the hands of the clumsy. There are some poems which have suffered this indignity so often that their beauty is now veiled from us by these repeated disguisings. It is not a little difficult to get back our old liking for Longfellow's simple stanzas after we have become familiar with Phoebe Cary's parody, (which I borrow from Miss Carolyn Wells's anthology):

The day is done, and the darkness
From the wing of night is loosed,
As a feather is wafted downward
From a chicken going to roost.

* * * * * * *

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not like being sick,
And resembles sorrow only
As a brickbat resembles a brick.

* * * * * * *

And the night shall be filled with comfort,
And the cares with which it begun
Shall fold up their blankets like Indians,
And silently cut and run.

That is clever, if you like, and it is funny, if you insist on it, and you may laugh at it, if you choose to do so. But the price you pay for your laughter is an inability thereafter to enjoy the placid beauty of Longfellow's poem. Phoebe Cary's perversion is profitless to all concerned, for, after all, it is not really so very funny or so very clever. Contrast this with Bunner's "Imitation":

My love she leans from the window
Afar in a rosy land;
And red as a rose are her blushes,
And white as a rose is her hand.

And the roses cluster around her,
And mimic her tender grace;
And nothing but roses can blossom
Wherever she shows her face.

I dwell in a land of Winter,
From my love a world apart,
But the snow blooms over with roses
At the thought of her in my heart.

This German style of poem
Is uncommonly popular now;
For the worst of us poets can do it—
Since Heine showed us how.

This is clever and this is funny and you may laugh at the end without being half-ashamed of your laughter, for Heine is not disguised by it or debased. It is a parody, if you insist on it, but not a parody of any actual lyric. So that it is not the betrayal of a careless scoffer, but the tribute of a sincere disciple. If it were not for the final quatrain these lines might have been Heine's own work; and the final quatrain—"the snapper at the end," as a quatrain of that kind used to be called in the office of Puck when Bunner was its editor—is in fact only a testimony to the fecundative power of the poet who inspired the imitation.

Once when Frank R. Stockton had found himself unable to keep an engagement to write a story for the Christmas number of Puck, Bunner offered to do it for him, and Stockton consented. With the result Stockton was not altogether pleased, because Bunner's imitation was extraordinarily accurate. His story was more Stocktonian than any Stockton himself had ever written; and it had scarcely even the exaggeration needed to entitle it to be considered as a parody. It was not in the least cruel, or even unfair, but none the less was it "dead giveaway," as the phrase is. Without being in the least unfair, two of Mr. Beerbohm's parodies are cruel in their implacable disclosure of the weak spot in their originals. Mr. Beerbohm's scalpel cuts deep and clean into Mr. Galsworthy and into Mr. A. C. Benson; it uncovers the futility which is a characteristic of many of Mr. Galsworthy's figures, only too apt to take themselves too seriously; and it lays bare the abiding banality of the sentiments reiterated with academic suavity in Mr. Benson's placid and complacent travels in search of his soul.

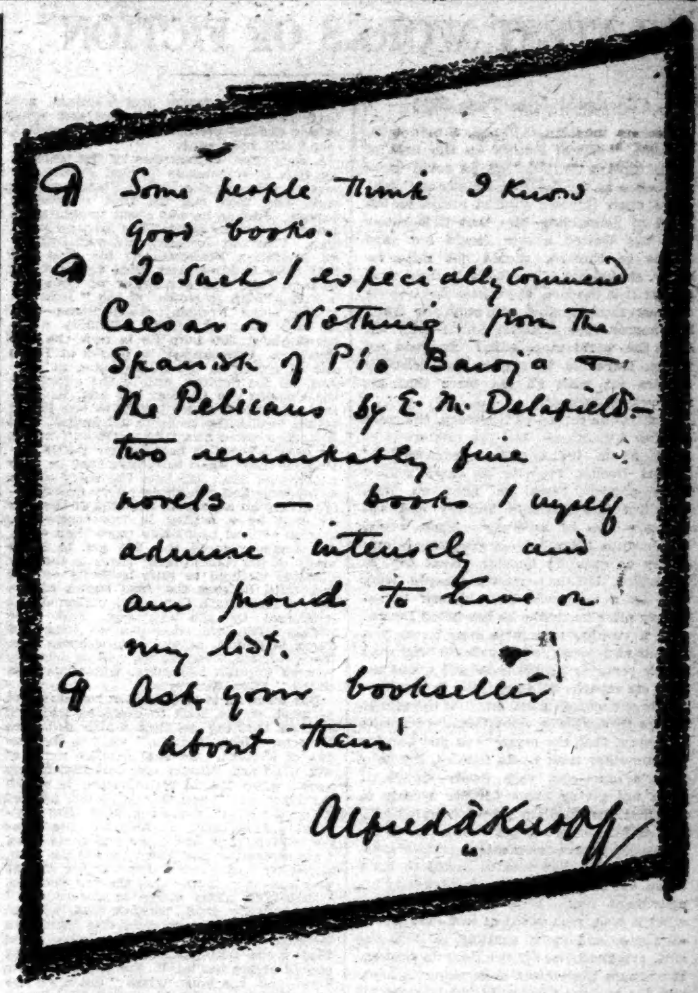
In like manner Bret Harte's parody of Poe's "Ulalume" is "a dead giveaway," for, although it confers a comic twist on the stanzas and tells a comic story of its own, what it does in addition is to arouse a suspicion that Poe's own lyric is so exaggerated that it might almost be accepted as an inspired parody of Poe's manner by Poe himself. (It may be noted in passing that when Bayard Taylor published his "Diversions of the Echo Club" in The Atlantic Monthly without his signature he sought to divert any suspicion of his authorship by inserting a metrical caricature of his own poetry; and Swinburne, for a like reason, was also moved to a burlesque of his own rhymes and rhythms. Bret Harte's admirable sequel to "Maud Muller," which he called "Mrs. Judge Jenkins," has a value of its own as criticism, since it pointed out that the result of the marriage (which did not take place) between Maud and the Judge would have been necessarily unfortunate for both of them, as they were not fit mates:

For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,
With all his learning and all his lore;
And the Judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.
If, of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"
More sad are these we daily see:
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

It is amusing that Bret Harte in his "Condensed Novels" did not attempt a parody of Dickens, the author whose writings had most influenced his own; nor did he venture upon an exaggerated imitation of Thackeray. Was the omission of Dickens due to his devotion to the genius whose tricks of style and processes of characterization he was to borrow? Must the omission of Thackeray be ascribed to his recognition of the impossibility of imitating the inimitable? Others have caricatured Dickens, and the adventure does not seem unduly perilous; but what is there in Thackeray for the parodist to distort? Whatever the reason may be, I can do no more than record the fact that I have never met with a parody of Thackeray as a novelist.

The first of Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors"—a book which has never had the appreciation it deserves, a book which might have brought to a writer less multifarious a far wider fame than was attained by Lang—is addressed to Thackeray, and, like the rest of these epistolary parodies, it is couched in terms of compliment. As we read its exquisite paragraphs we seem to catch the very accent of the writer of the "Roundabout Papers":—

You, above all others, were and remain without a rival in your many-sided excellence, and praise of you strikes at none of those who remain. The increase of time only mellows your renown, and each year that passes and brings you no successor does but sharpen the keenness of our sense of loss. In what other novelist, since Scott was worn down by the burden of a forlorn endeavor, and died for honor's sake, has the world found as many of the fairest gifts combined? If we may not call you a poet (for the first of English writers of light verse did not seek that crown) who that was less than a poet ever saw life with a glance so keen as yours, so steady, and so sane? Your pathos was never cheap; your laughter never forced; your sigh was never the pulpit trick of the preacher. Your funny people—your Costigans and Fokers—were not mere characters of trick and catchword, were not empty comic masks. Behind each the human heart was beating; and ever and again we were allowed to see the features of the man.



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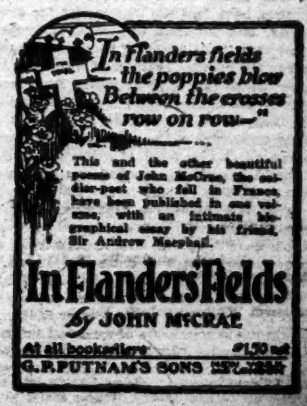

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

LATEST WORKS OF FICTION

(Continued from Page 259)

mission to the United States, a man who, he says, "served France on the field of battle until it seemed that he could serve her better in the fields of diplomacy," who plays upon Gryce's pacifist ideals to the point of persuading him that it is better that the United States should not send troops to Europe, should not raise an army, should not try actually to fight Germany; it is too late, the Comte de Grecque argues; fighting now will only pile fruitless horror upon fruitless horror—why not save the world more pain? In good set terms, Gryce is to oppose the Selective Service act with all the force that his newspapers possess.

That is one thread of the story, the main one, as it happens. But the tale opens at midnight in the bachelor apartment of Robert Deems, reporter on Gryce's New York paper. First an unknown man stumbles into Deems's hallway and apparently dies of apoplexy. Then a girl breaks into his rooms—a girl who is evidently no ordinary burglar. Next day, at his office, Deems narrowly escapes being shot by a man who kills himself immediately after he thinks he has killed Deems. And a strange man who says he is proprietor of a newspaper syndicate offers the young reporter $7,000 if he will spend the next six months doing nothing in Brazil.

It is not revealing too much of the plot to let the reader know what Deems very soon discovers, that the mysterious girl burglar is none other than Lydia Grimes, the publisher's only—and very lovely—daughter. It is not giving away further secrets to add that the burglary, the attempted killing, and the effort to get Deems out of the country, all have to do with a certain mysterious paper that was supposed to have fallen out of the dying man's pocket in his apartment hall. Whether it really did, what it was, who got it at last, and how—all these, and many exciting matters beside, are questions for the story to answer. It answers them in an enthralling fashion, and the various threads of the tale are all woven together into a fine story of intrigue, excitement, and romance.

THE YELLOW DOCUMENT

THE YELLOW DOCUMENT. By Marcel Allain. New York: Brentano's. $1.50.

THIS detective novel of high adventure is not only dramatically gripping and artistically adequate as a story; it is also important to read because of its convincing versimilitude in characterizing a certain personage who in real life is of international importance, and its boldness of allegation concerning his past. This quality of verisimilitude is also inherent in the setting of the action and the essentials of the plot, whose poignant intensity and romantic zest hold in abeyance the question of credibility until the close. Then, after the rush of emotional interest is over, though one is not very exacting nowadays of this kind of fiction in the matter of credibility, one looks back in wondering inquiry at some of the incidents on which the plot turns. What starts the moving of heaven and earth in the whirlwind quest for the momentous document depends on the improbability of accurate telegraphic communication by means of "visible speech" at one end of a considerable distance and a pair of binoculars at the other, where the speaker is not addressing the distant watcher and is not trying to make his lip-movements plain for the benefit of eavesdroppers. Again, one takes exception to the circumstances of the final raid and escape, though not strongly in the face of the poignant pathos of the culmination here of the tragic element in the story. As one reads along, one believes what one wishes to believe for the sake of the story. If there are to be any more of the fascinating series of detective novels to which this belongs, the author will have to bring his arch-villain to life again, as Conan Doyle did his hero.

THE CHARMED AMERICAN

THE "CHARMED AMERICAN." Translated by Georges Lewys. With frontispiece. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

IN a "Note" of introduction to this new war book, the publishers state that they have had the manuscript for over a year, and withheld it because they believed that "the author's frankness in regard to the horrible realities of war" might cause added anxiety to those American fathers and mothers who were then sending their boys overseas to fight for the safety and honor of the nation. And indeed among all the long list of grim war books it would be difficult to find one grimmer than this. The very force and picturesqueness of the style give poignancy to the awful picture of those charnel houses which were trenches and of that land of unspeakable things "entre les lignes," which we have learned to call "No Man's Land." The author spares us, and quite rightly, not one whit of the horror of it all; the churned-up mixture of mud and human flesh, the awful stench of decaying bodies, the rats making their loathsome meal off the unburied dead—these and their like he brings up before us in all their stark hideousness. One reads, and wonders, not that some went mad, but that any were able to endure—endure for four long years—and still keep sane.

A very brief introduction by the translator tells how François Xavier, French reservist, came to the United States, settled here, and took out his first citizenship papers. Just as he was about to obtain his second, Germany sprung her long-prepared trap. War was declared, and with little or no hesitation François left his wife and two little children and went to fight for France. He was a member of Company 8 of the 160th Regiment of the "Iron Division"—the French battering ram—and of that company which originally numbered about 250 men he is now the sole survivor. Unwounded, he fought at Ypres and at Arras, in the Champagne, at Verdun, on the Somme, and in the attack on the Chemin des Dames. At last, in Lorraine, he received an injury to one finger which forced him to go to a hospital. His comrades called him "l'Americain," and as he passed through battle after battle unscathed they began to believe that he bore a charmed life. He tells the story of his adventures and experiences very graphically, giving an absorbing account of the war as seen by a soldier in the ranks—for, though offered promotion more than once, he always refused it. We get to know many of his companions; there is the gay Parisot, inclined to look leniently on the foe, until he saw the dead bodies of the men of the Tenth Company, unarmed and butchered by the Germans, and later watched his own comrades writhing and dying in agony, poisoned by German gas. Constant, too, lives for us, and so does the beloved Captain Niclausse, whom his men called "Papa Niclausse."

But when all is said the fact remains that no part of the book is quite as gripping and as thrilling as that which describes how the "Iron Division" went to the rescue of Verdun. On that terrible night of wet wind and clammy cold and fast-falling snow, when the 2d Mitrailleuse, to which "l'Americain" was then attached, labored forward on foot, while regiment after regiment passed them, rushing in auto-buses toward the front, and other regiments, also, went streaming past them toward the rear, shrieking that Verdun was burning and all was lost—then it was that the cry went up, "The 20th Army Corps to the rescue!" Forward they went, without food, without water, stiff with cold, dizzy and faint with fatigue, exhausted but indomitable. And they were fear-haunted. What if they should arrive too late? For there was one hour—just one hour, when "not a vestige of resistance would have met the Crown Prince had he walked in." During that one hour, "from 2 to 3 on a February morning," the enemy might have invested Verdun without difficulty. The French forces were "en débâcle." But for some unknown reason, during that hour when Verdun was "without a single poilu left to guard what was once a works—without a single works left to guard what was once an army," Germany lost her opportunity, and, losing it, lost Verdun—forever.

Yet not easily was Verdun saved; now in this time of victory, it is well—and well especially for us of the United States, safe, uninvaded, sheltered by Tommy and Poilu during the long period of preparation, rejoicing now with our own returned, heroic troops—to remember the price paid for victory. Not for a few months, but for more than four years the men of that "Iron Division" whose story this book tells, lived in an inferno beside which that one Dante wrote of would seem a veritable pleasure ground. They won, and whosoever would grudge them any fragment of the fruits of their agony-bought victory, let his name be anathema, now and forevermore.

THE SATURDAY CLUB

(Continued from Page 262)

ness," he is a good deal bothered by the poet's peculiar style:

> We have sometimes felt a jar in reading Mr. Browning's lyrical poems, when, just as he has filled us full of quiet delight by some touch of pathos or marble gleam of classical beauty, this exuberant geniality suggests some cognate image of the ludicrous, and turns round to laugh in our faces.

Did Browning's use of humor suggest this passage in the companion review of Tennyson's "Princess":

> We know of no other man who could have mingled the purely poetical with the humorous in such entire sympathy as nowhere to suggest even a suspicion of incongruity. But Tennyson's humor is peculiar to itself. It is as refined as all the other parts of his mental constitution.

Let me hastily agree that it is!

But mail-bags or no, even Lowell is not too acute of ear, since he quotes long excerpts from "Paracelsus" and "Sordello," pages in length, and says never a word of "Pippa"; and prints two lyrics only, "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis" and "The Boy and the Angel," when he had "England and Italy," "Home-Thoughts from Abroad," "The Tomb at Saint Praxed's," and "The Flight of the Duchess" under his hand.

Since Mrs. Hall adduces with triumph the fact that Whitman's "Bardic Symbols" appeared in the "Atlantic," let me counter with the remarkable truth that this and "Proud Music of the Sea-Storm," published nine years later, were the only two of his poems which did, (this up to 1886, I have not pursued the subject to the immediate present;) that none of Poe's poems or stories was printed there; and that Browning is represented by but three pieces, while local talent, in the person of the excellent and amiable Celia Thaxter, numbers no less than fifty-two separate titles.

Yes, I grant the "mail-bags," but I think Mrs. Hall must concede me the "deafness." AMY LOWELL.

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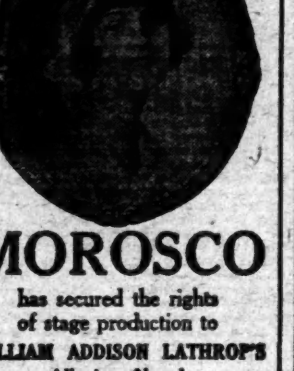

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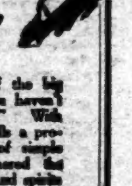

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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE NEW MORNING. By Alfred Noyes, author of "The Enchanted Island," "Collected Poems," &c. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

IN this latest volume of verse by Mr. Noyes are all of his poems produced since the outbreak of the war in 1914 and a number written before that, including several early poems never before published in this country. First place in the volume goes to the stirring "Avenue of the Allies," in which the English poet so admirably caught the spirit of wartime Fifth Avenue, with its miles of fluttering flags and draped banners, the epitome of embattled America:

Thousands of Tricolors, laughing for France,
Ripple and whisper and thunder and dance;
Thousands of flags for Great Britain aflame
Answer their sisters in Liberty's name. . . .
See how they climb like adventurous flowers
Over the tops of the terrible towers.

Nobody who saw Fifth Avenue in the months of our war can ever fail to be stirred by that poem.

There is nobility and beauty in "Victory," written after the British service at Trinity Church, New York, in which the poet speaks of the mourners'

Proud griefs, that walk on earth, yet gaze above,
Knowing that sorrow is but remembered love.

In fact, this idea of looking upward, looking forward, is ever-present in Mr. Noyes's verse. Brooding and morbidity are not for him. His is a soul full alike of reverence for the past and hope of the future—a fitting poet to sing of America, as he often does. Of the Stars and Stripes, flung forth in battle, he writes:

Flag of the sky, proud flag of that wide communion,
Too mighty for thought, to scan;
Flag of the many in one, and that last world-union
That kingdom of God in man.

And replying to somebody who said, "there are no ghosts in America" the poet asks whether there are "No ghosts in Salem town with silver buckled shoes?"

No ghosts where Lincoln fell?
No ghosts for seeing eyes?
I know an old cracked bell
Shall make ten million rise
When one immortal ghost
Calls to the slumbering host.

Among the war poems in the new volume is "Cap'n Storm-Along," drenched with the salt spray of the waters that encircled England, swept by the winds that "batter the seas to a lather of glory." And there is the grimly powerful "Peace in a Palace," in which the German Emperor and Empress hold an imaginary conversation after the sinking of the Lusitania.

"They were drowning! They were drowning!" said the Empress,
"And they stretched their feeble arms to the sky;
But the worst was—they mistook me for their mother,
And cried as my children used to cry."

The poet sings the age-old flight of the dreamers against materialism in "The Lost Battle," and tilts vigorously, in "Five Criticisms," against novels of the hour by "conventional unconventionalists"—was not that phrase, by the way, or something very close to it, invented by George Bernard Shaw?

In "The Little Roads" Noyes pens some of the most charming of his lines

O Master, shall we ask Thee, then, for high-roads,
Or down upon our knees and pray,
That Thou wilt ever lose us in Thy little lanes,
And lead us by a wandering way.

Yet, despite all the nobility and beauty and clear-eyed optimism of Mr. Noyes's poems of more recent years, they lack a something that exists in his earlier poems, of which there are three in his new book, not published hitherto in America. Though he has grown stronger in purpose and matured in thought, he seems to have shed something of the "trailing clouds" that clung to him when he penned "The Phantom Fleet," "Michael Oaktree" and "Touchstone on a Bus." Nothing in his later work, as exemplified in his new book, touches the power of the first of these, the beauty of the second, the satire of the third. Into the life of the poet has come the clarion call of war and he has responded to it nobly; can it be that the price he has paid is the loss of the mood which whispered to him of

The breathing hush, the autumn scented hush,
The holy, holy hush of eventide

when he wrote "Michael Oaktree?"

Mr. Noyes's new volume is replete with rare good things and affords a chance to appraise what this earnest and eager singer has gained and sacrificed as his years accumulate.

LABOR AND THE LAW

AMERICAN LABOR AND THE LAW. By Samuel Gompers. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

THE President of the American Federation of Labor, sometimes called "the master of two million minds," has an uncontestable right to speak for the federation, or even perhaps for all unionists. His constituency, even thus enlarged, includes less than one-tenth of American wage earners. On the face of the returns the title of this collection of his occasional addresses during the war is too inclusive. That reservation does not extend to the contents of the book. Certainly no other man has a better right to speak for American labor, and American labor could hardly hope for a better spokesman. Mr. Gompers occupies a unique position. Not long ago he was thought little better than a troublemaker, if not revolutionist. Now some class him as a reactionary, flocking with those who are closing the old era at Versailles while the true labor progressives are starting the new era at Berne.

No one has denounced the Socialists and Bolsheviki more hotly than Mr. Gompers, and he keeps company with capitalists and officials, as well as with wage-earners. He has friends in both camps, but steers his own course. He is a thinker, as leaders must be, and he is a gifted speaker, as these twenty-four addresses prove. He has brought many to his way of thinking, but has had little success with those who understand what lies beneath some of his smooth phrases. That "labor is not a commodity" is one of them. To him it seems that regarding labor as a commodity is something akin to white slavery. It smacks of inhumanity to regard man power as something to be bought and sold in the market. But if labor is not a commodity, to be bought and sold, it ceases to be property, and is taken out of the protection of the law. Surely it is doubtful humanity to deprive "labor" of its best or even sole property, and to deny laborers the protection of the law in working for livelihood. "Trial by jury should be established" is another of labor's proposals formally made by Mr. Gompers at Paris over his signature. What lies beneath the words is the demand of unionists that courts shall not punish as for contempt of court strikers who defy judicial injunctions. It will be seen that labor has a language of its own, used by spokesmen of good native talent and long experience in contention. The vigor of these addresses is recognized, indeed is incontestable. The motives are not challenged, and the eloquence of the patriotic professions is freely acknowledged. But some of the demands in labor's name are open to argument for which they are ill-prepared who are not informed of labor's point of view. For the purpose of spreading knowledge of what labor is thinking about the book is particularly useful to those who need it more than those who heard these addresses.

MOTHERS OF MEN

MOTHERS OF MEN. By William Henry Warner and De Witte Kaplan. With frontispiece by E. L. Blumenschein. New York: Temple Scott. $1.60.

ONE of the minor profits arising from the war is the useful German spy. You can put all kinds of villainy on him. Captain von Pfaffen was one of the most villainous; he was in Vienna, before the war, apparently as a sort of liaison officer between the German General Staff and the Austrians, plotting the attack on the world. But he found opportunity for other diversions; one of which was the seduction of Marie Helmar, orphan daughter of a great scientist, who had been tumbled into the world from a convent at the age of 18 and compelled to earn her living by singing in a low cabaret. Marie was blameless in the matter, aside from a certain persistent weakness of will which led her to stay with von Pfaffen long after she found out he would not marry her; indeed, she seems to have acquired something of an education by the episode, though the authors could hardly have intended to recommend her experience as advantageous.

At any rate, Marie went to visit cousins in Paris and presently found herself married to Captain Gerome de la Motte, son of a famous General. Marie had considered the situation and decided that what Gerome didn't know wouldn't hurt him, so the von Pfaffen episode was buried in silence. But presently the war broke out; Marie, though thoroughly loyal to her husband's country, found that her Austrian birth made her position in Paris unpleasant, and so she went to her father-in-law's château in the country. This was a remarkable château. It was close to the front, but seems to have been movable; at any rate, sometimes it was near enough for its occupants to hear the rattle of rifle-fire, and again so far away that the roar of artillery was inaudible. When the plot requires, shells explode on the lawn; when sounds of battle would be inconvenient you can hear a pin drop. Moreover, General de la Motte fortunately commanded in that immediate sector, and held councils of war in his study. Presumably he thought that was a safe place, but he little knew the real identity of the new butler whom he had but lately engaged. Marie knew, however, the moment she saw him; and presently she was given the choice between furnishing the military secrets of her husband's country to the spy working for the land of her birth, or having her Viennese past betrayed to a touchy French family.

Here is a really dramatic situation, but its possibilities can be completely covered in brief space; to make it carry a whole book, as the authors have done, requires a great deal of padding with unimportant and uninteresting characters and action. Perhaps this necessity is responsible for the frequent wise saws and moralizing observations which are intruded into the narrative. One can hardly fail to sympathize with Marie, in spite of the fact that her character as drawn is of a quite unsympathetic weakness until the last few chapters; but there is an unreality about the war atmosphere and the bulk of the characterization which is likely to prevent most readers from taking the affair very seriously. In the end, of course, virtue triumphs; Marie confutes the spy thoroughly.

The Man Who Was Misunderstood

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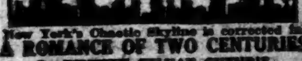

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WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

BRAND WHITLOCK'S complete account of the Belgian land and people under German oppression will be published this week by D. Appleton & Co. under the simple title, "Belgium." It will be in two volumes and will contain much material that has not appeared in the serial publication. It tells the whole story of all that the author saw and knew, from the lovely Summer days of 1914 before the German invasion to the time when he left the country.

John Galsworthy, who came to the United States to take part in the Lowell centenary and afterward made a lecture tour through the eastern half of the country, donated the net profits of his lectures, amounting to $4,000, to the Fund for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Mr. Galsworthy returned to England last week.

Frederick W. Wile will return to the United States from England about the middle of this month, and on the first of June will begin a lecture tour on the Chautauqua circuit in Pennsylvania, which will last throughout the Summer. His subject will be "John Bull and Uncle Sam," and will carry out, in general, the theme of his recent book, "Explaining the Britishers."

A timely book on "The Freedom of the Seas," by Louise Fargo Brown, is promised for publication next week by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is said to put into clear and readable style the history of the controversy over rights on the ocean in time of war from the days of ancient Rome until the present time and to show what has been the attitude of the several nations in the controversy whenever it has been to the fore. The author has pursued her very extensive studies upon the subject under the Alice Freeman Palmer fellowship given by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae for purposes of original investigation.

Alfred A. Knopf announces the publication for Summer, or early Fall, of a new volume of short stories by Joseph Hergesheimer to be called "The Happy End." Mr. Hergesheimer's last book, "Java Head," published last January, is in its third edition and is to be brought out at once in England by William Heinemann. His "Three Black Pennys" has gone into its fifth edition and his "Gold and Iron" into its third.

Donald Clive Stuart, who translated the "Life of Georges Clemenceau" from the French of Georges Leconte, to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co., has just been made Professor of Dramatic Literature in Princeton University.

Scribners announce for publication in May a novel by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "Miss Fingal," whose theme is the transference of personality from a young wife separated from her husband, after her death, to a girl friend who has been living a dull, circumscribed, gray life in a poor London flat.

Brentano's have completed arrangements which will enable them to make a new uniform edition of the complete works of Edgar Saltus. Four of the volumes, "Imperial Purple," "Historia Amoris," "Mary Magdalen," and "Lords of the Ghostland," they have ready for publication at once, and other titles will follow later.

The experiments and conclusions of Lord Leverhulme, the advertisements of whose Sunlight Soap are known to all European travelers, are set forth in a book on "The Six-Hour Day and other Industrial Questions," which Henry Holt & Co. expect to publish about the middle of May. At Port Sunlight, where Sunlight Soap is made, a modern industrial city, built and administered in accordance with the principles of democracy, hygiene, and human idealism, Lord Leverhulme tried out the ideas he advances in this volume. He strongly favors an individual working day of six hours.

Robert Wilson Neal, author of several volumes on the reading and the writing of short stories, and a member of the committee on award of the O. Henry short-story prize, is a member of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, not of that of Amherst College.

Under the auspices of the American Forestry Association admirers of Walt Whitman are preparing to celebrate his coming centenary, on May 31, by planting memorial trees in his honor.

Captain James Norman Hall, author of "High Adventure," and Lieutenant Nordhoff, whose book, "The Fledgling," will be an early publication, both of whom have just returned from the war, have taken a cottage on Martha's Vineyard for the Summer and will devote themselves to the writing of the history of the Lafayette Escadrille. The resulting volume will be published in the early Fall by Houghton Mifflin Company. Afterward the two authors are planning to cruise down to and through the waters of the Southern Pacific in search of literary material.

Brentano's have scheduled for immediate publication copyrighted editions of "Salammbo" and "Madame Bovary," a translation by Edgar Saltus of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "The Story Without a Name," and Sudermann's novelette, "The Silent Hill."

The Stokes Company will have ready Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's "Fighting the Flying Circus" early in May.

Meyer Bloomfield is the author of "Management and Men," which the Century Company will publish in May. Mr. Bloomfield is a consulting specialist on vital industrial problems for a number of large industrial concerns, and it was he who organized, during the war, the important and very successful industrial service activities of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. In this new book it is said that he presents a first-hand interpretation of the recent big industrial developments in Great Britain.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice is working on a volume to be called "Paris of the Novelists," which will be published in the Autumn by Doubleday, Page & Co. It will have twenty chapters dealing with Paris and rural France as they have been pictured by French and American novelists.

The Century History Company announces that Baroness Leonie de Souiny, author of "Russia, Yesterday and Tomorrow," has associated herself with it as literary editor of its publication, "Historic and Foremost Families of America."

"The War in Cartoons," which E. P. Dutton & Co. are preparing for early publication, will be a representative selection of the best cartoons of the war made by American artists. It will contain 100 cartoons by such well-known artists as Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, Edwin Marcus, Rollin Kirby, John T. McCutcheon, Robert Carter, O. P. Williams, Oscar Cesare, and many others. The book has been compiled and edited by George J. Hecht of the Committee on Public Information.

Henry S. Canby, Professor of the English Faculty of Yale University and author of several volumes of essays, has written a novel about a youth who wants his family, love, a good time, and a successful career all at once and finds the problem difficult of solution. It is called "Our House," and will be published this week by the Macmillan Company.

Isaac F. Marcosson, whose new book, "S. O. S.: America's Miracle in France," has just been published by the John Lane Company, has returned from a three months' lecture tour which took him over almost the entire country. He was speaking in Seattle on the night the great strike began and in his speech denounced the I. W. W. In consequence his life was threatened more than a score of times.

A third novel of the war by Marcel Berger, to be called "A Life at Stake," is promised for May publication by the Putnams. M. Berger's first story of the war, "Ordeal by Fire," has been called "the French 'Mr. Britling,'" while his second, "The Secret of the Marne," was a tense and vivid tale of the halting of the Germans on their first march toward Paris, with the centre of its plot concerned with the reason for their failure to follow up a certain advantage they had gained which might have won Paris for them if they had kept straight on. M. Berger fought in the French Army at the first battle of the Marne.

Writing to a friend in the United States concerning his just published novel, "The Arrow of Gold," Joseph Conrad said in a letter received a few days ago:

"The Arrow of Gold" is a subject which I have had in my mind for some eighteen years, but which I hesitated to take up until now. This state of mind may appear to an American very dilatory and ineffectual; and I won't attempt to apologize for my opinion that work is not to be rushed at simply because it can be done or because one suffers from mere impatience to do it. A piece of work of any sort is fully justified only when it is done at the right time; just as the potentiality and energy of a fire brigade is justified only when a house is on fire. * * * But having found the mood I didn't tarry much on my way, having finished that novel in about ten months.

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QUERIES AND ANSWERS

J. M. M.—Who was "John Phoenix," and what did he write? Can you give any particulars of his life?

"John Phoenix" was the pen name assumed by Captain George Horatio Derby, who was born in Dedham, Mass., on April 3, 1823. He went to West Point, was graduated from that institution, and entered the army, serving during the Mexican war, (1846-7.) For upward of thirteen years thereafter he was engaged in various surveys and explorations in Minnesota, California, Texas, and other Western and Southern States. During this period he wrote under the name "John Phoenix" the humorous sketches which appeared in 1855 under the title "Phoenixiana, or Sketches and Burlesques." While in the service of the United States Coast Survey, in charge of erecting lighthouses on the Florida coast, he was sunstruck, and this resulted in softening of the brain, from which he died in New York on May 15, 1861. In 1865 some of Captain Derby's humorous sketches were published under the title of "The Squibob Papers," and in 1897 John Vance Cheney edited for the Caxton Club of Chicago an edition of his works, entitled "Phoenixiana," which included several previously unpublished drawings by Derby, and also his famous satirical essay, "Proposed Changes in the Uniforms of the United States Army." His "Pocket Book of Early American Humorists" was published in 1907 by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston, Mass.

An Old Bible

M. LEVINGER.—I have a "Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, printed at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1798, translated and revised by His Majesty's special command. Printed by Sir J. H. Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty."

There is on a flyleaf some written memoranda concerning a certain Heyward family of South Carolina.

Will you tell me the value of the book?

The Bible itself is worth about $2. Thomas Heyward, Jr., of South Carolina was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. If the memoranda on the flyleaf of the book is in his handwriting, it adds considerably to its value.

"Birds of America"

MARTHA A. VEEDER.—In a recent issue I note in the reply to a correspondent that John J. Audubon's "Birds of America," London, 1827-38, has brought at auction from $1,300 to $1,750.

Will you please tell me what the reissue of this work, New York, 1860, is worth at the present time?

"The Birds of America," by John J. Audubon, 500 colored plates, New York, 1860, seven volumes, octavo, brought $266 at the Walmough sale, and $280 at the Robinson sale.

Silence

E. M. WOODFORD.—Can you tell me where to find this:

> Silence like a poultice came
> To heal the blows of sound.

The lines quoted are from the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes entitled "To an Insect."

ANSWERS FROM READERS

RUTH DUDLEY STERRY.—In the issue of THE BOOK REVIEW for March 16, Charles Nagel, Jr., asks regarding the stanza of poetry beginning:

> Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
> Less than the rust upon thy sword.

The complete poem is one of four Indian love lyrics from "The Garden of Kama," written by Laurence Hope and set to music by Amy Woodforde-Finden. It is as follows:

> Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
> Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
> Less than the trust thou hast in me, my Lord,
> Even less than these!
>
> Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
> Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
> Less than the need thou hast in life for me,
> Even less am I.
>
> Since I, my Lord, am nothing unto thee,
> See here thy sword, I make it keen and bright,
> Love's last farewell—Death comes to me tonight.
> Farewell, Sahirudin.*

*A Mohammedan's name, meaning "Faith."

The book containing the love lyrics is published by the John Lane Company.

Answers to this appeal have also been received from Betty Huling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; T. R. Conrad, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Howard Adams, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrence Wolf, New York; F. I. Fenn, Jr., Brooklyn; Aaron Lichenstein, New York; Evander Pritchard Jones, Carbondale, Penn.; Gladys M. Bliss, Glen Ridge, N. J.; Edith C. Putnam, Brooklyn; Edna C. Cliff, New York; Ruth Hooper, Suffern, N. Y.; Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass.; M. J. Taylor, Allentown, Penn.; Loraine Shanley, New York; Mrs. E. H. Williams, Jr., Woodstock, Vt., and Miss Bess L. Crocker, N. Y.

"Sons"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT.—The poem for which M. D. inquired in THE BOOK REVIEW of Feb. 9 is "Sons," by Sara Teasdale, and is as follows:

> Men in brown with marching feet,
> Like a great machine moved down the street,
> And the shrieking of a fife
> Led that river of young life,
> Soldiers bearing kits and guns,
> Mothers' sons—mothers' sons.
>
> Out of the crowd a woman pressed
> Forward a little from the rest.
> "That's him," she said, "the third one there,
> The third one with the light brown hair!"
> She caught my arm and then she swayed
> And whispered—I suppose she prayed.
> And still they passed with kits and guns,
> Mothers' sons.

Answers to this appeal were also received from Mildred A. Walsh, New York; Mabel Gregory Dexter, Charlottesville, Va.; Anne Barclette, New York, and Gertrude Reilly, Newburg, N. Y.

"Indian Names"

A. H.—Referring to the request in your issue of Feb. 16, for the author of the poem beginning:

> Ye say they all have passed away—

would say that the name of the poem is "Indian Names," by Lydia H. Sigourney, and can be found in her collected poems. It is printed also in Stevenson's Home Book of Verse, in Coates' Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry, and in other collections of verse.

APPEALS TO READERS

M. C. L.—I shall be greatly obliged if any of your readers can tell me from what speech or article the following paragraph was taken, and where it can be found:

> But now we come to the last and perhaps the greatest debt which not only America but every civilized and honorable nation owes to France. A barbaric and deluded people, led by an insane and criminal monarch, threatened to conquer the nations of the world, and in place of their more democratic Governments to substitute one based upon the principle that might makes right. But when their countless hordes, having swept all resistance before them, came to the Marne and were on the eve of victory, France arose and said, "Thou shalt not pass!" And they did not pass. For, just as many hundred years ago, she checked Attila and his Huns at Chalons, and stopped the Saracen armies at Tours, so on that memorable day in September, 1914, she stood like adamant, and sent the invader recoiling almost to his own borders; and in that battle of the Marne were modern civilization and ideals saved for the world.

Alone in My Chamber

W. L. W.—Could any of your readers tell me where the poem may be found containing these lines:

> I am all alone in my chamber now,
> And the midnight hour is near,
> And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
> Are the only sounds I hear.

This is all I can recall of the poem, but I would be grateful to know where I can read it all.

Lift Up Your Heads

W. R. B.—Can some reader give in full the song that was popular in the time of the civil war, part of which is as follows:

> Lift up your heads, desponding freemen,
> Fling to the winds your needless fears,
> He who unfurled your starry banner
> Said it should wave a thousand years.

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7 Things That Cut My Working Day in Half

This Man Now Observes "Banker's Hours," Yet Gets More Done Than When He Worked Early-and-Late—and Is Making More Money. The "How" of It Is Surprisingly Easy.

Some of my friends jokingly accuse me of having made a sudden killing in Wall Street. Others insinuate that some rich relative must have left me all his money. All wonder at my "banker's hours." All seem to think I have recently fallen into a "soft snap."

When people who don't know the facts compare my present style of living with the way my family and I lived in less prosperous days, and when they compare the leisure I now enjoy with the way I used to slave, I suppose it is natural for them to jump to conclusions and attribute the change to some stroke of luck. However, the only luck about it was in getting hold of the formula that has brought me quick success.

My days used to be a regular chaos, from the time I got up till I went to bed. Always under pressure, always in a feverish rush, yet always behind. To begin with, I was behind with my sleep. Invariably set the alarm for the last minute of safety, and invariably woke tired. Rushed through my breakfast. Hurried for the 7:40 train. My nose to the grindstone all day long, but never quite caught up. Desk nearly always in a chronic mess with an accumulation of things that should have been attended to a week or more before. Getting away from the office before 6:00 seemed like taking a half-holiday; was frequently much later than that, and often had to take work home.

"Others insinuate that some rich relative must have left me all his money."

My family complained that my mind always seemed to be at the office. I know I was poor company. I was losing all my social popularity—couldn't enter into the spirit of things because I was always either fagged out or haunted by thoughts of things undone. Even my Sundays were more or less spoiled by guilty thoughts of the accumulation of work always staring me in the face.

And the tragedy of it was that in spite of the way I was making a slave of myself and worrying "my head off," I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. My income had practically reached a standstill. Our firm was growing by leaps and bounds, but I didn't seem to be growing with it. I knew I faced a wonderful opportunity, but somehow I didn't seem able to grasp it. It made me feel like a failure.

But happily there has come a big change. I am still with the same firm—now one of the largest in its field—but have won a place as Vice-President. My income has gone up in proportion—has already jumped to five times what it was, and the end nowhere in sight. All this in the space of 18 short months, where all my previous years of faithful service had never taken me higher than a minor executive position, at a minor executive's salary.

And that is only part of the change. In spite of the greatly increased responsibilities, in spite of the multitude of matters that come to me for attention and decision, in spite of the numerous important conferences and interviews which my promotion has added to my schedule, I have cut my working hours almost in two. I am no longer chained to my desk. I have thrown off the old nervous strain that used to make my days almost a nightmare. While my new position is far more exacting and makes far greater demands on me, I am able to get through my work in half the time and with less than half the effort I formerly gave to less important duties.

I now have time for an extra hour's sleep in the morning. I have time for a leisurely toilet and breakfast instead of the old Hurry-and-Run. Reach my desk about ten. Usually ready to leave by three or a little after—frequently earlier. And when I leave, it is with a clear conscience—my leisure hours are never haunted by the old guilty thoughts of things clamoring for attention. Am always right up to the minute on my schedule—often a little ahead. My desk is always cleared for action. Am always "on the dot" with appointments. Seldom have to carry business affairs home with me, seldom give business a serious thought away from the office.

What is the explanation? Merely this—a simple secret that I got from a man named Purinton; all there is to it are 7 easy rules—but the results they bring are amazing. Sheer idleness isn't by any means the only way to squander time and waste chances for success. Through Purinton's simple set of rules, I have learned the real secret of how to turn time into money — how to make every minute count, not only at my desk, but also away from it. Not by being a miser with my time, but by spending it more intelligently. As I have already said, I allow myself more leisure and recreation than ever before in my life—but I have learned how to make my hours of "play" contribute to my hours of work—how to make them add to my fitness so I am always at my best while at my desk. That is one reason why I have been able to cut my working hours in two. But a bigger reason is that by following the simple rules laid down by this man Purinton, I have learned how to go through a pile of work like a mowing machine through grass. I have learned how to eliminate all "lost motion" and waste effort—not merely how to make every minute of my working time count, but also how to make every thought, every effort, every ounce of energy count. In short, Purinton has shown me how to do more in one hour than I used to do in three. And I do it with far less strain on my nerves and energy. I am fresher now at the end of my day's work than I used to be at the beginning.

"... now have time for an extra hour's sleep ... and for a leisurely toilet and breakfast instead of the old hurry-and-run."

Who is this man Purinton? And just what are his seven easy rules? I will tell you. In my estimation, Edward Earle Purinton is without question the sanest and soundest "achievement doctor" in America. His advice on the practical side of life has been sought by thousands—and followed to their profit—from corporation heads down to the humblest worker in the ranks. Some time ago he wrote a book on "The Triumph of the Man Who Acts." Largely through one reader telling another, it found its way to millions. He has written dozens of other practical and helpful books. His whole career is a living exemplification of "practising what he preaches;" he has made his own success by following his own rules. For example, in his early days he was handicapped by chronic ill health. He overcame it by following exactly the same procedure which he lays down as a part of his seven rules—made himself over from a weakling to a marvel of efficient health. Also by following his own rules, he has developed a marvelous capacity for getting things done—his associates say he can do three men's work. He accomplishes more that is worth while every year than most men accomplish in a lifetime.

"Allow myself more leisure and recreation than ever before in my life. . . ."

And now for his seven wonder-working sets of rules. They are all briefly set forth in Mr. Purinton's seven short lessons in Self Analysis, Time Saving and Personal Achievement—seven absorbingly interesting lessons that can easily be mastered in seven evenings of leisure hour's study. In fact, just one evening's study can alone easily add 10% to 25% to any man's or woman's capacity for getting things done.

In these 7 delightful lessons you will find the complete wonder-working rules which have brought about the greatest change in my fortune. And it was all the result of seven evenings of leisure-hour study or rather reading that was as interesting as it was easy. There you have it. The secret these seven lessons unfold is available to all. Anyone anywhere can easily put these lessons to a see-for-themselves test, just as I did, simply by taking advantage of the Publisher's liberal offer to send them on approval for 5 days' free examination. You don't have to risk a cent—don't have to pay a penny until you see the lessons, and then only if satisfied. If for any reason you don't find them as helpful as you expect, simply return them and they will cost you nothing whatever. While if you want to keep them, a $5 bill is all you have to pay for the entire 7 lessons—only $5 for guidance that can easily be worth thousands of dollars to any ambitious man or woman.

This man isn't by any means the only one. Thousands of get-ahead men and women in every State of the Union and in foreign countries as well—all the way from ambitious clerks and stenographers to high executives—have profited from Mr. Purinton's 7 easy lessons. Our files contain hundreds of letters from such people telling of remarkable results. Why not take advantage of our offer to send these lessons on approval for 5 days' free examination, and see for yourself? You take no risk—not a penny to pay until you examine the lessons, and then only if you want to keep them. You have everything to gain and nothing whatever to lose. Send no money—merely mail the coupon or ask for the lessons on a postcard or in a letter.

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